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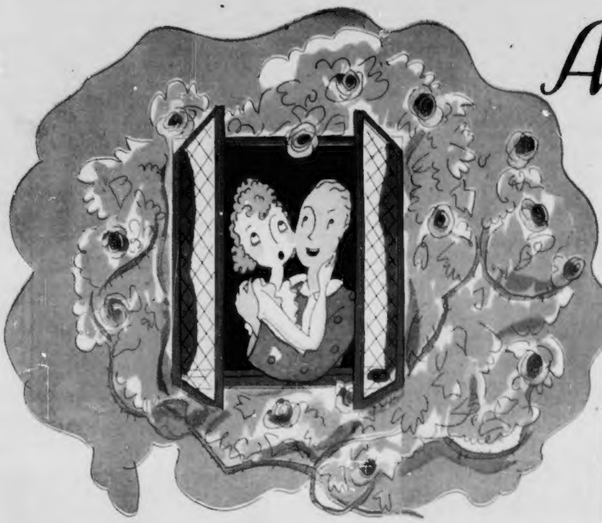
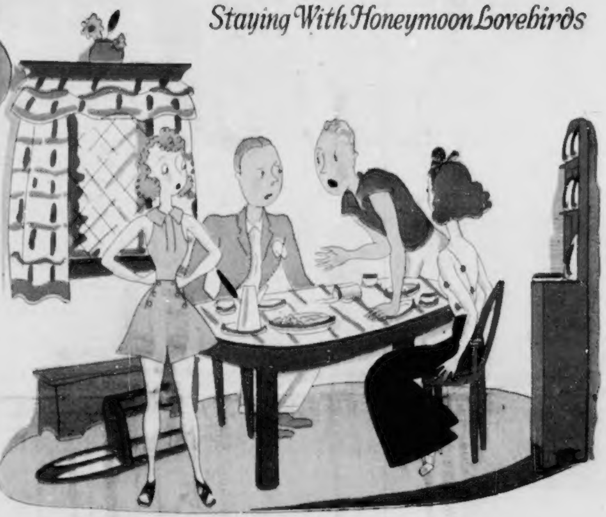
Awful Week-ends

By the Brilliant Satirist FISH

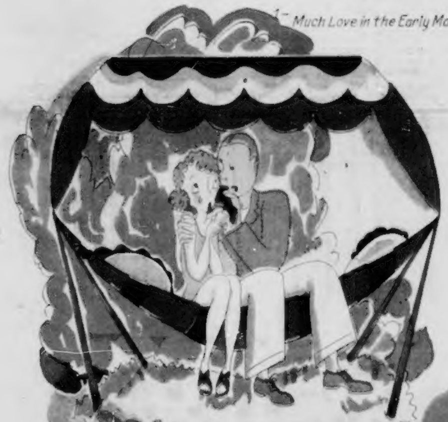
Staying With Honeymoon Lovebirds



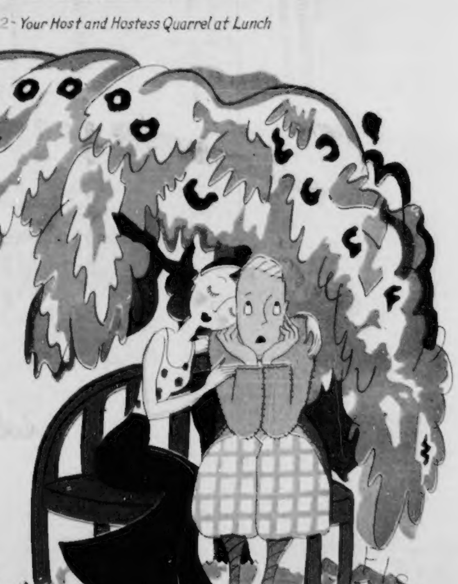
1 - Much Love in the Early Morning



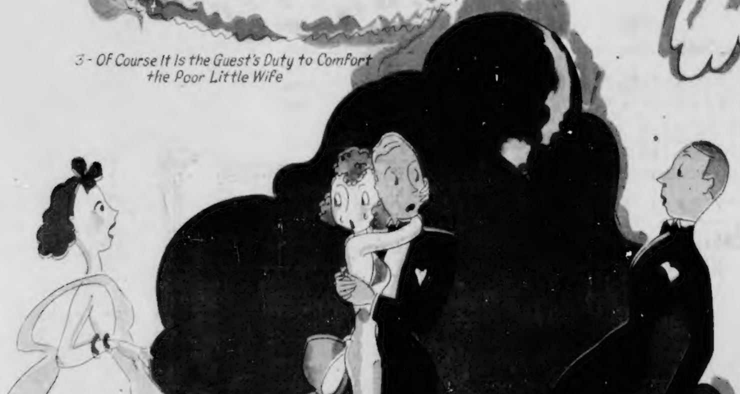
2 - Your Host and Hostess Quarrel at Lunch



3 - Of Course It Is the Guest's Duty to Comfort the Poor Little Wife



4 - And Equally, of Course, Deep Sympathy With the Husband Must Be Shown by the Lady Guest



5 - Sudden Reprisals and Change of Temperature — She:—"How Dare You Flirt With My Husband, You Brazen Hussy." He:—"How Dare You Make Love to My Wife"

Why It's Hard For Strong Men To Find Jobs

IT ALL comes down to one thing, says the British Industrial Health Research Board in a recent report. The strong man's job is being taken over by machines which he isn't fast enough to operate. That is how it happens that in industry the strong man is being replaced by the dancing type of man.

A generation or two ago, when most of the systems of gymnasium exercises were being worked out, industry still had many heavy tasks for manual labor, and it was ready to pay well for the man who could fell an ox or pick up a quarter ton ingot of iron.

Nowadays what workers in factories need is strength least of all, but rather an ability to do the most work with the least waste effort. Speed is important, and so is precision, according to the report. "Factory fatigue," for instance, has been discovered by the Research Board after years of study to be caused, not by over-use of the muscles, but always from boredom of the nerves, or exhaustion of them. The solution for this, says the scientists, is not to develop muscles, but to train for agility and the enjoyment of rhythmic motion. From such indications it might be decided that the best training for employment is not the old-time "setting up" exercises, but the seemingly more frivolous pastime of dancing, whether acrobatic dancing or the ballroom kind.

This means, according to the experts, that old attitudes must be changed. Most of the setting-up exercises used in physical training courses are of the old type, intended chiefly to develop strength instead of grace. Advertisements of physical culture courses guaranteed to produce "strong men" still are in the majority, it is indicated; and this also is contrary to the direction that industry in general is taking.

The London scientists add that this trend is not restricted to the commercial world either. Even in the army, they say, the day of the strong man is past. There, too, agility, quickness and accuracy in handling machines are now far more important than muscular strength. In peace or in war, the strong man is losing out.

The Strong Man's Job, Says the Scientists, Has Been Taken Over by Lighter and More Agile Workers Who Can Operate Machines That Big and Muscular Individuals Are Too Slow and Heavy-handed to Run.

Samson, the great strong man of Biblical times, was able to control the Philistines, who feared him, so long as he was able to keep his fabulous strength. Yet in a modern factory his strong and muscle-bound arms would have little value and he might get caught in the machinery because of his slow movements. Though he tore down the Temple, nowadays he would probably be replaced by the machine even in the house-wrecker's trade.

Rusticelius, an ancient Roman worthy said to have picked up his mule every now and then to amuse his friends, might still be a "card" to his friends if he lived now, but industry would probably disregard him. Atlas, the mythical Greek hero, who carried the world on his shoulders, might find himself next to Hercules on the breadline in our modern times.

That doesn't mean there isn't just as much lifting, pushing and pulling to be done. There's more of it than ever before, but such super-tasks are increasingly being done with machines.

Learning to dance the rhumba may turn out to be the best preparation in the world for a factory job. But the man who always steps on his partner's toes would not be hired. Neither would the person who can't keep time to music, for a poorly developed sense of rhythm keeps one from working at an even rate of speed. And then the machine would be "out of step" with the operator.

Future applicants for factory jobs may find themselves given dancing tests to show fitness. Good tap dancers might be chosen for work that needs quick, staccato movements. An old-fashioned square dance might help a person to change from one motion or operation to another. In some silk factories, for instance, it takes almost a perpetual waltz to keep the threads unbroken.

Actual music and dancing have already been used in factories to help workers rest when they are tired. In England, afternoon tea is often served to weary factory "dancers." But such "sissy" methods for getting efficiency are not altogether new. Cotton pickers and chain gangs sing at their work to make their task easier. The Volga boatmen and armies alike find that efficiency sometimes increases with melody. Rhythm was the real power that moved the ships in the days of galley slaves. Only now a new value is put on working rhythm because it no longer calls for sheer strength.

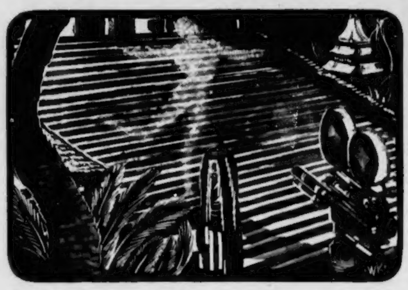
Thus daily are the slow Goliaths in industry being made to realize that the more agile Davids are getting the best factory jobs and the best pay. As the British report points out, physical exercise is of real value only when the body can take advantage of it. "Few employers," it explains, "now want a man who can only push and pull. It is worth remembering that the strong, muscle-bound, chest-expanded sergeant-major, with a straight back, is little in demand for industrial work. Training, nowadays, aims more through rhythmic exercises (as the Scandinavians were among the first to show) at the production of a lithe alertness. Ability to acquire 'knack,' which is the result of quickness in muscular response, is in general a sufficient substitute for man-power, even in weight-lifting. Exercises designed to develop agility and lissomeness are likely at the same time to develop in the body a capacity to maintain more easily the postures which may have to be endured in industrial life: and to teach it how to do its work with a minimum of un-coordinated and useless effort."

Jungle Goddess Invisible To The Camera's Eye

FOUR men swear to it—one of them an important photographer, another a government official, a third a distinguished British artist, and the last a native. In the steaming jungles of Ceylon, after weeks of hardship, they reached the hidden temple of Katargama, more ancient than the jungle surrounding it.

Mr. Brooke-Farrar, the artist, was planning to do sketches of the exotic temple from photographs; Mr. G. A. Smith, a photographer from the Colombo, had along a motion picture camera so as to do a travelogue; and the government official with his assistant had been prevailed upon to aid them in getting to the secret jungle shrines.

When at last they arrived, the granite temple seemed to start from the very edge of the jungle; no sooner were they out of the underbrush than they were at the steps leading to the sacred entrance. There, on the carved steps, they beheld a temple girl dancing in a religious ecstasy. The Tamil woman, almost indecently in the full light of day, it seemed to them, was shrieking and trembling with the passion of her dance. Her slight costume as she whirled was like a torn veil revealing the infinite. She danced on a carved moonstone, and she seemed to wear rings of jeweled moonstone on her hands—at least, her hands flashed in the sunlight as she danced. Then the dance was over, the musical reed accompaniment died abruptly away, and the beautiful girl vanished.



The Excited Cameramen Ground Away to Catch the First Pictures of the Mysterious Dancer—But, Later, When They Developed Their Film, They Discovered That She Was Invisible to the Camera's Eye.

Less professional men might well have forgotten what they came for, so impelling and fascinating was her dance. But the three cameramen could think of this magnificent dance only in terms of showing it to others when they got back to civilization. The light was good, the timing right, and as they stood on the steps before her they were able to see her plainly in the camera-finders when the picture was taken, according to their own statement.

It was a happy moment for the strangers. They had the first known record of a religious transport in the mysterious temple of Katargama, had it imprisoned in their little black boxes more clearly than words could ever convey. Or so they thought. Much later, when the pictures were developed, they came out perfectly—except that there was no sign of the girl in them.

At the time, the explorers went ahead to see the rest of the temple and to take more pictures. They were satisfied to know that they had ten separate photographs and a good many feet of moving picture film of the girl's astonishing performance.

All that they saw after it, however, seemed to be an anti-climax. The elaborate animal rings in the stone floors, the guardstones to the steps, the ornate carvings of the nine-headed cobra and the dragon-lion in the granite temple with brazen roofs were things they would have been enthusiastic about before. But not now. The more they thought about the dancer, the more they were fascinated. Mr. Brooke-Farrar, the artist, regretted that he hadn't taken a sketch of the girl. He wanted the chance to do so, and asked the Cingalese assistant to find out her name.

The temple, which nine months of the year cannot be reached at all, was teeming with Hindus and Buddhists, thousands of whom annually make a holy pilgrimage to it from all parts of Ceylon and even India. But whenever the assistant to the explorers asked one of the pilgrims about the woman, he was stared at and then avoided. One native of Ceylon they managed to corner and ask why the people were so terrified at mention of the religious dancing girl. But this one only rolled his eyes and shook his head, denying knowledge of any such woman. There was, he declared, a "death woman" who danced on the temple steps every year, but those who saw her were accursed.

Indignant at the abysmal ignorance and superstition of the fellow, the explorers let him go. It didn't matter much that they didn't know the girl's name. She was no doubt attached to the temple in some way, and so was respected by the natives, perhaps being one of the paid dancers who are introduced into strange rites at an early age.

Perhaps it was imagination; but they began to feel that all eyes were on them. Word may have spread that these white men had seen the "death goddess" and it looked as if the pilgrims were inclined to fulfill the threat of her name by killing those who had looked upon her. For the tradition, it turned out, is that those who behold the mysterious dancing girl are themselves deadly and contagious. If they were to be killed, it would be with disgust and without pity.

The explorers consulted among themselves hastily and decided to leave without delay. If they stayed longer, the temper of the natives might turn ugly—at the very least, their cameras would be smashed. They plunged back into the jungle without a backward glance, deciding there was no further reason for staying. True, they had not made the travelogue and the pictures they had taken gave only the sketchiest outline of the fabulous place. But there was the possibility of danger, and also they were becoming obsessed by the thought of the girl they had filmed. They were somehow convinced that the pictures they had taken were worth a dozen travelogues. Already the memory of her was fading from thir minds and they were tempted to develop the films in the "dark room" of the jungle itself. But it seemed more important to get back with their pictures of the dance of ecstasy. The girl, it seemed to them, had something immortal about her that transcended anything in life.

They did get back, finally, and since no word had been heard from them for some time it was with a feeling of festivity and relief that they were greeted. A welcome party was at once organized and the four of them, having scarcely had time to bathe and shave and dress, were bustled to the reception. It was attended by the Acting Governor, Mr. M. M. Weddenburn.

Soon the explorers were telling him about the films which they had not yet had time to develop. The governor was interested and suggested that they develop the films on the spot. Agreeing to this readily, they sent a boy for the films, and soon they were at work in the cloak-room converting their photographic records into visible proofs of what they had seen.

To their complete astonishment, there in the center of the moonstone on which the girl danced, was no girl at all. The pictures were all perfect, except for that detail. Picture after picture was developed, but no sacred girl in a fiery dance showed up. The photographers, curiously enough, are now aroused. They want to go back even if it endangers their lives to get at the bottom of the vanishing girl. Such things, they declare, do not happen; even though Pliny, the ancient Roman historian, knew a way of becoming invisible that called for a diet of dragon heads and dragon tails. Fortunately, they must wait until next year when the rainy season holds up again and will let them pass back to the pagan shrine of Katargama with their cameras. By then, they may be willing to let well enough alone.

Kidnaped A Corpse And Held It For Ransom

SHIRLEY, Bernice, Florence and James, on the way home from school one recent afternoon, found a swell, deep ditch to explore a mile from the village.

"Come on," shouted James, and jumped in. The girls were more timid about getting their clothes dirty and just leaned over to watch. Then they all saw the same thing, and Shirley screamed. It was the horrid corpse of a young man, terribly thin like a stick, lying at the bottom of the ditch.

James jumped out of that pit as though the devil himself were after him. All four, with fear in their hearts, went running back to the village. They knew whose body it was they saw in the ditch. Everybody in Streetsville knew about Hayden Pope, whose grave was found robbed only the day before.

In Canada a kidnaping used to be looked upon as something fantastic that happens in the United States. But it remained for the province of Ontario to experience an even more ghoulish kind of crime, the victim of which was found by the four playing children. A dead youth was taken from the local graveyard where he was freshly buried, and the body was hidden for ransom.

Hayden Pope in life had been a hard-working, well-known young man who was planning to marry at the time he became ill. When he died, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anson Pope, although extremely poor, managed to have a funeral for him that was attended by most everybody in town. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," intoned the minister as the coffin was lowered into the grave that was so soon to be profaned.

The next morning Mrs. Robert Edwards, a family friend, visited the cemetery to arrange the flowers on the grave. She was shocked to find the coffin unearthed and the coffin lid screwed off, revealing the theft. A neighbor called the police, who found the ransom note but didn't give out all the details of the note.

The parents, overcome with grief, could only sob that they had no enemies and did not know why this was done to them. "We are poor people," the mother said; "everybody in Streetsville knows we could not pay $100."

The note scrawled by the corpse-snatchers and addressed to the parents said the money would have to be paid "before your boy will be returned." But curiously the note left no directions as to where the money should be delivered. Maybe a dog frightened them away, it is thought, before the note was completed. It is supposed the body was put in the ditch for safe keeping until the ransom would be paid. But the playing school children spoiled that.

The 20-year-old youth, who was not allowed to rest in peace, must have been easy to carry—he weighed only 55 pounds when he died, having wasted away from an intestinal tumor.

The cruel and criminal cashing in on the grief of bereaved parents has roused the peaceful community to a pitch of passion which would have been dangerous for the kidnapers, except that nobody has been able to trace them. Although the community is only about 20 miles west of Toronto, the second biggest city in Canada, crime until this happened was almost a myth to the residents and something to read about in the papers.

Though corpse kidnaping is much simpler than abduction of the living, it is generally believed that its unpleasant nature will prevent it from becoming popular with criminals.

Red Flannels No Longer Flag Country Doctor

A RED flannel undershirt or a tablecloth was an urgent call.

A blue denim shirt or pair of overalls meant a baby was on the way.

A white shirt, towel or pillowcase meant that there was somebody ailing but that it wasn't serious.

A child's red or white dress announced that a child was ill, red meaning serious, white meaning tolerable.

Those were the "distressing signals" that guided the route of Dr. George Bicknell Cleveland, of Indian Head in Maryland, for 31 years until just the other day.

Every day he covered more than 100 square miles, in the early years by horse, and later by car. On his route he travelled the arterial highways of his district, regardless of weather conditions. As he rode along, he kept a weather eye open for the mail boxes and newspaper tubes, since from these the signals were hung.

When he started out of a morning, he never knew where he was needed. Often he traveled 50 or more miles before seeing his first summons. But as soon as he'd spy the telltale garment, towel or sheet, he'd turn off the highway and clatter and bang with his iron buggy over the rough back roads down to the river or 90 miles back in the woods where he was needed.

The reason for it was that his patients lived in houses scattered all through the sparsely populated farm country. And, although he had a telephone, it was of little use to him because not one of his patients in that vast Nanjemoy District of Charles County which he serves had telephones—until just the other day.

There was actually no telephone system in the district, and so his 1,500 and more patients had to depend on the most primitive methods of summoning aid.

To leave the necessary signal that the doctor could see, often some member of the household would have to tramp the miles to the highway during the night to "hoist" the call for help.

Often by the time he arrived it was too late [illegible]er the baby, for example. Some neighbor would likely [illegible]ot have played the part of obstetrician, and all he had to do was to approve the work.'

Dr. Cleveland Used to Drive Along the Country Roads, Keeping His Eye Peeled for Such Signals of Distress as a Suit of Red Underwear, a Checkered Tablecloth, Or Some Other Symbol That His Services Were Needed.

Frequently Dr. Cleveland was forced to abandon his car because of the impassable condition of the roads, and then he would have to tramp miles through woods and across fields, carrying his two suitcases filled with medicines. There is no registered pharmacist in the county and Dr. Cleveland is both physician and druggist.

When Dr. Cleveland began practising in 1906 he traveled on horseback. About 1915, he bought an automobile. A car generally lasts him from seven to nine months. Recently he consigned his 29th car to the junk pile—that is all they are good for when he is finished with them.

But now, instead of following this "blind" and pioneering kind of route method of travel, he is able to plan his trip before he starts. He knows exactly where he must go first, which call is the most urgent, and which one is just another "belly-ache," the treatment of which can be told over the telephone.

For now a telephone service has been inaugurated connecting Dr. Cleveland with every square mile of his territory and giving the inhabitants their first constant communication with the outside world.

It might seem unbelievable that this once prosperous tobacco section within 30 miles of the nation's capital city should have been denied this modern convenience. Even darkest Africa enjoys better communication; lacking telephones, the natives there are able by means of the tom-toms to send news of danger and to summon help.

But the Nanjemoy District on the Potomac in Southern Maryland, within the shadow of the Capitol's Dome, has the satisfaction that while everybody can't be first, it probably is the last community to get telephone communication.

For on January 1st, the district began to enjoy, for the first time, the conveniences of electricity. A county co-operative plant, aided by REA funds, began to function on that day.

The telephone's arrival in the county is expected to bring about a considerable reduction in loss from fires. And the gravest concern—over accident and illness—is now solved. All these years the great problem was how to reach Dr. Cleveland in a hurry. In emergencies one either walked, rode horseback, or if fortunate enough to own an automobile, drove to his office in Indian Head. If he was out in his district, there was little hope of reaching him until he returned. Night calls were made almost impossible. There was little to be gained by a whole night trip, for the doctor was bound to be along a few hours after dawn.

Still, "he who laughs last, laughs best," goes the saying. By being the "last" outpost to get telephones, Nanjemoy also has the best and newest equipment. Engineers all over the country are watching the results of this, the first entirely automatic system to be installed. No human aid is needed in the operation of the robot exchange. There are no telephone poles or visible wires—it's all underground, put there by a new machine which digs trenches an inch wide by feet deep, stretches the wires, refills the trench, and packs it, all in one. In short, the heroic lineman who risked his life off the ground on "hot" wires may soon vanish like the very "doctors on horseback" whose work he made easier. Thus Nanjemoy County finds that to be last sometimes makes it possible to be first.

Cinderella-Man Griffiths' Helpful Private Ghost

When He Was a Child, Gypsy Boswell Prophesied He Would Be the World's Luckiest Man But She Died When He Was 30 and Still an Errand Boy —So Her Spook Got Him a Rich and Noble Wife, a Mystery Gift of $50,000 and a King for His Host; But He's Only Started

Lady Flora Knollys, Whose Answer to Relatives Who Expressed Disapproval of Her Marriage to the Cinderella-Man Was Simply: "They can go hang!"

The Rural Youth Was Plain Arthur Griffiths When the Gypsy Made Her Prophecy, but He Now Wears a High Hat and Is Officially Known as Arthur Bernardos des Veaux Molineaux Phillips.

One Day Arthur and Lady Knollys Were at a Spiritualistic Seance Together. Ha! It Was the "Spook's" Chance at Last! She Told Them That They Were Meant for Each Other, and at Once They Went Out and Got Married.

LONDON, Jan. 28.

WANT to be a Cinderella?

Want to be rich, marry a title, hobnob with kings and achieve most any other reasonable ambition without hard work and study? The method is simple. Just do like Arthur Griffiths, former errand boy who recently took tea with King Haakon of Norway, married the wealthy Lady Flora Knollys, received a legacy of $50,000 from an Australian woman he scarcely remembers and is considering an offer to star in the movies. If this "Cinderella man" wants anything else all he has to do is ask a ghost for it.

That is the secret of Arthur's astonishing success—he has a private spirit working for him, which is better than a fairy godmother because spirits can do anything and there are billions of them, all unemployed, with nothing to do for all eternity. It seems strange that nobody thought of it before.

There is only one catch in it, how to make a ghost roll up its spectral sleeves and go to work for you. Being already dead, spooks do not have to work to live and they scorn money because they don't need anything it will buy. Arthur's ghost works for him, not for love nor money but for pride and hate. She is very, very angry, in fact has been described by those who have the psychic eye to see, as a "hopping mad little ghostess." Griffiths is a spiritualist who would no more offend a spirit than he would make his dentist mad. It was other persons who teased the ghost while she was still alive and her post-mortem activities would indicate that hate is stronger than love. The ancients believed that the dead only came back to get square with someone—anyhow it seems to be the only known method of getting them interested in a job.

The strange partnership between a youth and a wraith had its beginnings soon after his birth 32 years ago in Tenby, South Wales. A queer old hag known as "Gypsy" Boswell settled in town to make her living by telling fortunes and her first customer was Arthur's mother who brought her baby, only a few weeks old, and was thrilled to learn that leaves in the tea cup said he was to be one of the luckiest boys that ever lived. All the good things of this world were going to just jump into Arthur's lap without effort.

The mother spread the good news but everybody laughed. Arthur was one of nine rather underprivileged children who had to subsist on their father's meagre pay as constable. If the old prophetess hadn't flown into a temper at the ridicule, people might soon have forgotten it, but finding she was easily teased, they kept taunting her with it the rest of her life.

With each passing year it seemed more evident that the fortune teller had made a woefully wrong guess. When Griffiths reached the age of 30 without getting any higher in the world than office and errand boy for a small local concern, it was too much for the aged "Granny" Boswell to stand. Shaking her stick at her tormentors, she screamed through toothless gums:

"I'll show you!" and dropped dead on the sidewalk.

From that day on a change seemed to come over the somewhat ambitionless Arthur. He began to associate with "occultists" and to attend spiritualistic seances where he was worried by messages purporting to come from the gypsy and exhorting him to go and seek the fortune awaiting him. For a long time he resisted, but one day when the message ordered him to go to a certain steamer at Liverpool where he would find a steward's job awaiting him, he obeyed, out of curiosity. The ship was haunted. Though Arthur didn't see the ghost, several Lascar deck hands reported the shadowy figure of an old witch hovering around the new steward and a rich Australian invalid said the ghost visited her at night, advising her to have Griffiths wait on her. He did and was rewarded with such a handsome tip that when the crew insisted on having Arthur fired at Capetown for bringing a "hant" on the ship, he was able to return to London as a first class passenger.

The "Cinderella man" is somewhat sketchy as to how he got along in London up to about six months ago. He says he had become a writer of independent means, though no trace of his writings have come to light. Perhaps he was a ghost writer and for that reason did not sign his stuff. However, he states that all the time he was "under spirit guidance." Who would the spirit be but that of the infuriated gypsy, hustling to make her prophecy come true—and how a blessed ghost can work, if it takes the notion.

Though not much use in the heavy industries, in some lines of activity a disembodied soul has so many advantages that no mortal worker could compete with it. Not needing to pause for food or sleep, a spook can labor 24 hours a day without even yawning. Transportation which costs so much time and money for a person in the flesh, is nothing to a wraith which can wish itself around the world with the speed of a radio wave, according to ghost-experts. These invisible, soundless and odorless spectres pass through steel doors and masonry to listen in on the most private conversations. No building is ghostproof.

Richard Henry Checkley, Who Was Nearly As Lucky As Arthur.

The gypsy ghost might have kept on appearing to people on their death-beds to scare them into bequeathing legacies to Arthur or she might have given him advance information on financial matters, if she could have understood them. But such methods seem to have been distasteful and, being a lady ghost, a brilliant marriage naturally seemed to be all-important. To a person in the flesh, the task of finding a rich titled woman, ready, able and willing to marry an ex-errand boy and steward would probably have been impossible in one whole lifetime, but for a blessed ghost it wasn't so hard.

The gypsy spook could inspect 100 different women, in 100 different parts of the world, in one day and possibly she had the benefit of suggestions from her spirit friends. However the selection may have been accomplished, it was about six months ago that the fairy ghostmother became satisfied that Lady Knollys was the ideal bride for her protege. According to Arthur's own statement, this is how their fate was made known to them. He said, in an interview:

"We both attended exclusive sittings (seances) in a lady's London flat, long before our marriage. I was told by an occultist of everything that would happen up to this very day. The details of my marriage to Lady Knollys were all clearly foretold."

Lady Knollys was not only informed also but possibly the kindly spirit warned her to keep it from her family until the wedding was over. However, when asked about the secrecy, she gave the other world no credit, in the following statement:

"God made man. The Devil made relatives. I detest relatives and that is why we were married secretly. There would have been a lot of opposition among my friends. We gave them no chance. I did not intend to have any interference. I was going to marry the man I loved. He was going to marry the woman he loved. The others could go hang. Now we've done it."

Once Before, in 1923, the Knollys Family Was Shocked When Mrs. Allan Mackenzie, Daughter of Viscount Knollys, Flora's Brother-in-Law, Married Mr. Checkley.

Of course, Lady Flora is also an occultist because spirits won't have anything to do with one who does not believe in them. At a seance, if a sitter expresses the base suspicion that the whole thing is a fraud, all the spirits go on strike until the doubting Thomas has been thrown out.

When a woman marries a man with a title she gets one, too, but, unfortunately, Lady Knollys could not do that for Arthur. The next best thing was to retain hers instead of becoming plain Mrs Griffiths. She or the ghostess or someone concerned seems to have disliked his name because at the same time he had it changed legally to the much bigger and better one of Arthur Bernardos des Veaux Molineaux Phillips.

The wedding was secret and performed at St. Andrew's Church, Uxbridge, with only six persons present, not counting ghosts and ghostesses, of which, as usual, there is no record. Some day enterprising society editors will send along with their regular reporter a medium who will go into a trance in the church and take note of all the most important spirit dignitaries present. For all a mortal guest knows, Henry VIII may have been sitting in his or her lap all through the ceremony.

The gypsy ghost could hardly have shocked British society more had she appeared to them howling like a banshee, than she did by rigging that match. If there was ever a name which stood as a synonym for propriety and strict observance of convention, it was the name of Knollys (pronounced Knowles). Two brothers, sons of a general of the old school, had been the trusted confidantes of sovereigns, and refrained from publishing memoirs. One had been the private secretary of two reigning monarchs, King Edward VII and King George V, after a long period of service in Queen Victoria's household and in the service of King Edward when Prince of Wales from 1870.

His younger brother, after a successful career in the artillery branch of the army, had entered the service of King Edward's second daughter, Princess Maud, on her marriage to Prince Charles of Denmark, afterwards chosen King of Norway by popular vote, and he accompanied his mistress to her royal home in Oslo, his service extending from 1896 to 1919. Both were loaded with honors, the latter in addition to foreign knighthoods being made Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order in 1906. His first wife died during his service at Oslo in 1888 and after a lapse of 21 years, in 1909, at the age of 69, he married Flora, the daughter of Louis Arthur Goodeve. He died at the age of 90 in 1930.

Now seven years after his death and 28 years after her first marriage, Lady Flora Knollys has married again, a man many years her junior and of a position socially inferior, on the advice, so he avers, of the spirits, both of the parties being ardent followers of that cult. The bride is in her forties and the groom is 32 years old. However, since her first husband was so much older, this younger one merely tends to even up the average.

During the honeymoon which was spent at Oslo, the King of Norway personally telephoned Arthur, now Mr. Phillips because he had changed his name instead of the bride at their wedding, and asked him to bring Lady Knollys to tea. He did so and the honeymooners later dined with His Majesty at the palace. In a letter to Arthur's mother at Tenby, Lady Knollys wrote:

"His Majesty congratulated us and told me personally how much he liked my husband and that he approved my choice. We were all three together happily chatting over private matters for over an hour, the King, as usual, brilliant and charming."

The occultists do not assert in so many words that the gypsy's ghost fixed up that, too, but they ask how an errand boy would get a foreign King's blessing on his marriage when the bride's family were wild-eyed over it, unless a lot of spiritual wire-pulling had been done.

Society remembers that once before a Knollys, this time one who bore the name by birth, upset everyone with a declasse alliance. Late in 1922, when Lord Knollys was private secretary to the late King George, as he had been to his father, King Edward, His Lordship's daughter, the Hon. Alexandra Knollys, shocked society by marrying Richard Henry Checkley, a tobacco store clerk.

The fact that a daughter of the nobility who had been raised in an atmosphere of royalty itself had married a commoner, was aggravated by gossip that she had bought cigarettes from her future husband, a serious fault in the eyes of the great lady for whom she had been named, Queen Alexandra. No ghosts were implicated in that match, just Cupid, single-handed.

A "Torture Chamber" Where Stage Stars Are Made

Another Familiar Sight in the "Torture Chamber." Saulnier Loosening the Leg Muscles of a Young Woman Who Aspires to Stardom as a Stage Dancer.

HUNDREDS of the highest paid stars of the circus and the stage call 50-year-old Armand Saulnier "the Torturer." When they use the seeming unflattering title they do so with gratitude and affection because the strenuous training he gave them in his little gymnasium made them outstanding acrobatic dancers, trapeze artists, contortionists, tight-rope walkers and tumblers. He is a hard master, but one of the best in the world, and he values the personal friendship of the men and women he bent, twisted and pummeled into star performers.

Monsieur Saulnier has been roundly criticized by certain other trainers of gymnasts for his "abusive" methods. It is not necessary, they say, to subject young women to such vigorous shenanigans as those shown in the photo on this page. It is better, in their opinion, to be gentler with the human frame.

Saulnier smiles at such talk, and so do his pupils. They know that, in all his years as a maker of crack athletes, he never has dislocated a bone or dislocated a muscle. The walls of his gymnasium are covered with photographs of his famous graduates — including the celebrated Mistinguette—who are living proof of the safety of his seemingly cruel methods of stretching and strengthening.

In a recent interview, Saulnier said: "I know that many people call my place the torture chamber and I suppose visitors can't help getting the impression that I am being too rough on my pupils. I pull their legs, bend their backs, put my feet against their pretty heads. I even stand on their stomachs. But I hurt no one. I watch the condition of these coming stars and know just how much they can take. My ways of working bring them to perfection more quickly than gentler methods."

Twenty years ago Saulnier was one of the best known strong men on the continent. He was a crack wrestler and boxer and showed many a cocky professional tricks that he never knew before. Knowing that the professional life of an athlete is short, he quit pushing up dumbbells more than 20 years ago to spend his time training younger people. He found that he has a natural flair for such work.

Every weekday his "torture chamber," in the heart of the city, is a busy place. It is filled with kicking, twisting, back-flipping figures. On the sidelines sit the mothers and aunts of the sweating athletes, knitting and calmly watching the strenuous goings-on.

Prof. Saulnier's gym is also a sort of salon for some of the best known figures in the theatre, in politics and big business. He does not spend all his time "abusing" potential stars of the stage and the circus ring. Much of his income is derived from keeping celebrities in good physical condition.

Reporters, who are always dropping into the "torture chamber," because they know they are likely to find some big shot there, have caught the professor working the midriff off a bearded senator or taking the kinks out of the legs of some famous star of the drama. Once they found M. Saulnier wrestling with a general of the French high command who prides himself on his strength and agility despite the fact that he is in late middle life.

One Paris physician, who occasionally drops into the workshop of the maker of gymnasts recently said that there are few men in the medical profession who know the makeup of the human body better than Saulnier. "For years," he said, "this trainer has made a study of the skeleton and the muscles of the body. He knows just how much strain a muscle will stand and the possibilities of its development in strength and flexibility. If he were not an expert in this field, he might really deserve the title 'torturer'."

The professor likes to get his disciples young, and many of his best pupils are in their early 'teens. All the best gymnasts and athletic dancers, he says, began their training young, when they had plenty of marrow in their bones, muscles that were still growing and a natural sense of balance.

The "torture chamber" has acquired its rather grim nickname, in part, because of the great variety of queer looking gadgets that Saulnier uses in the course of his instruction. He has wide belts slung from the ceiling to help pupils learn to turn flips and stand on their hands, and various other harnesses that his charges wear until they are able to spin and flip and cartwheel under their own power.

BLACK STAR PHOTOS

Prof. Armand Saulnier, of Paris, Limbering Up One of His Pretty Pupils by Pulling on Her Legs While He Braces a Foot Against Her Head. This Is Only One of the Strenuous Exercises That He Thinks Are Necessary in the Training of Gymnasts and Acrobatic Dancers.

A Dancing Star of the Future Gets a Vigorous and Seemingly Abusive Workout at the Hands of Prof. Saulnier, in His Paris Studio.

To Fly Across the Atlantic in Two Days?

ANY time a ship crossed the Atlantic in a week, it was news a few years ago. Then followed the campaign for high pressure national advertising on the high seas, and Italy turned out the speedy Rex, England the biggest and fastest Queen Mary, and France the Normandie, present queen of the seas.

The Hindenburg, in its brief lifetime, outsped them all, and on one voyage clipped the time of the fastest steamship almost in half.

Now a new record is anticipated, according to Clyde Pangborn, the American aviator. He says that the day has practically arrived when American tourists and business men can hop over to Europe in two days on board luxurious airliners that will ply back and forth as regularly as the steamships do now.

He declares that within the next few years, nobody will think an air voyage across the Atlantic unusual. What will make the planes safe for commercial use, he says, is a special flotation gear now being built which enables planes to be as buoyant as ships if they have to take to the water. Water-tight tanks in the bodies of planes will enable land planes to replace the ponderous flying "boats" which are so slow and unwieldy, he says.

Up to now, he admits, "the flying boat is considered safer because a forced landing in mid-Atlantic would be the doom of an ordinary airplane."

Other experts disagree and say it will be many years before regular flights over the ocean can be made practical and swift.

Yugoslavia's Bed Bug Divorce Case

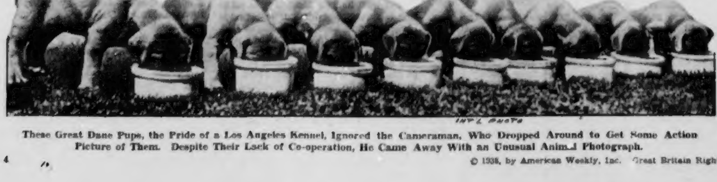
ANTS, wigglers, creepers, snappers—she put them all in the bed of her husband, Marck Trpich. The courts have heard many an astonishing story of what a wife will do to a husband who annoys her, but a peasant woman's revenge in Irnj, near Zagreb, ties the best of them.

She went into the fields and put into a glass jar every kind of bug and beetle she could lay her hands on. At night she secretly transferred them to her husband's bed. When the victim, itching and scratching, went to the police, they were skeptical until he showed them the bites all over his body.

His wife confessed in court, but said she did it because he was jealous of her, and she wanted to "keep his mind busy." She believed in the old proverb about fleas being good for a dog because it keeps his mind off his troubles. In the same way, she reasoned, Trpich's suspicions would be allayed by the bugs. "It was foolish of him to stay awake all night and imagine things," she declared. "I thought the bugs might cure him."

Time out for Dinner

WHEN a cameraman went to the Los Angeles kennels where the Great Danes seen in the photograph below are being raised, his intention was to get some spirited action pictures of them. To his surprise he came away with this "still, life" which turned out to be more unusual than any of the shots of the pups rolling around on the ground. A minute after this mealtime "portrait" of nine hungry youngsters was snapped, the dinner was gone, and so were the pups—back to their animated antics.



INT'L PHOTO

These Great Dane Pups, the Pride of a Los Angeles Kennel, Ignored the Cameraman, Who Dropped Around to Get Some Action Picture of Them. Despite Their Lack of Co-operation, He Came Away With an Unusual Animal Photograph.

Open Wide And Say "Ah"

PELICANS are hot-climate birds, and the rigors of British fogs and Winters, being what they are, the birds catch cold and get run down so that they hardly can stand up on their webbed feet. In such a weak and sad condition they are hardly worth going to see, and in order to keep visitors to the London zoo happy, not to mention the pelicans, it is necessary to treat the big-beaked birds with a tonic.

Just as a child is fed cod liver oil by a mother who wants to keep it healthy, the pelican gets a dose of the oily stuff even though he hates it. It's for his own good; but that is certainly hard for anybody to understand who has to swallow it.

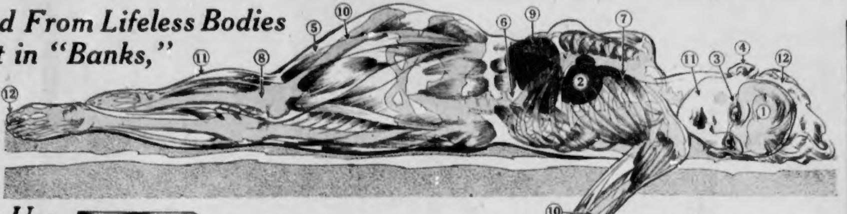
The pelican being made to open wide in the picture at the right is just as unhappy as if he were a kid being made to take his medicine. And in fact he's far less lucky—it's not just a spoonful he has to take; the tonic is poured down his throat from a big gallon can, and there's nothing he can do. With a "mouth" like that, he has to take it.

KEY PHOTO

The Foggy Weather Sometimes Affects the Throats of the Pelicans in the London Zoo. To Keep the Birds From Getting Sick the Keepers Give Them Regular Doses of Cod Liver Oil. The Fellow in the Picture Above Squawked Loudly, but He Had to Take His Medicine, Not From a Spoon but From a Gallon Can.

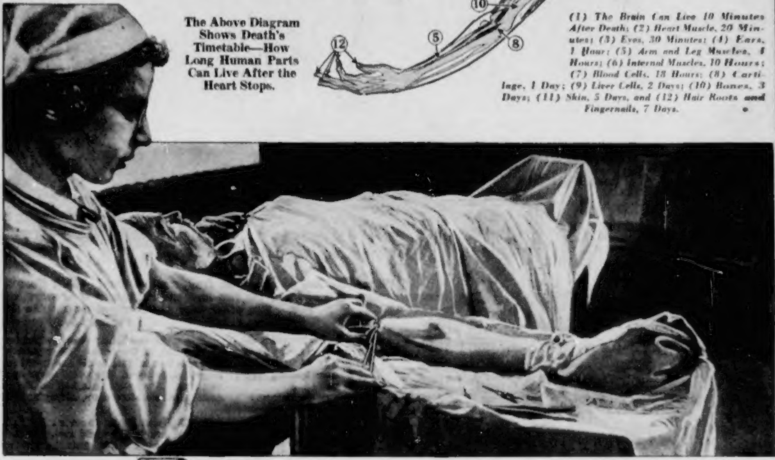
New Advances in Using the Dead to Repair the Living

Salvaging Blood From Lifeless Bodies and Storing It in "Banks," Healthy Organs Smashed Up and Preserved for Use ---and Even Skin Being Saved to Patch Up Patients Like Auto Tires



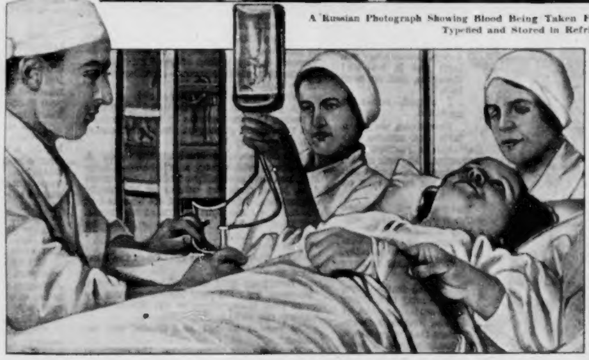
The Above Diagram Shows Death's Timetable—How Long Human Parts Can Live After the Heart Stops.

(1) The Brain Can Live 10 Minutes After Death; (2) Heart Muscle, 20 Minutes; (3) Eyes, 30 Minutes; (4) Ears, 1 Hour; (5) Arm and Leg Muscles, 4 Hours; (6) Internal Muscles, 10 Hours; (7) Blood Cells, 18 Hours; (8) Cartilage, 1 Day; (9) Liver Cells, 2 Days; (10) Bones, 3 Days; (11) Skin, 5 Days, and (12) Hair Roots and Fingernails, 7 Days.



A Russian Photograph Showing Blood Being Taken From the Arm of a Dead Man. It Is Then Analyzed, Typefied and Stored in Refrigerators. (Soviet Photo.)

Part of the Operation by Which the Cornea From a Dead Person's Eye Is Transplanted to a Living Eye to Restore Sight.



When Needed, the Stored Blood Is Syphoned From the Container Into the Veins of the Living Patient.

A Glimpse of Surgery of the Future? Carlo Farneti's Drawing of Robot Surgeons Taking Off the Head of an Old Woman and Replacing It With the Head From the Dead Body of a Young Girl.

ANY day now it may happen that hospitals will begin treating sick people, not with medicines, but with other people's blood; including the blood of people who have died and may have been dead for months.

Somewhere in the hospital there will be a storage room, like a gigantic drug store, kept cold by artificial refrigeration and with hundreds of shelves along which will be ranged thousands of jars filled with blood. Each jar will be labelled with the type of blood it contains, the date when it was deposited and the diseases from which the original owner had recovered during his lifetime; this last item perhaps the most important of all.

Part of these storage shelves will be a kind of "blood bank," like one already started in Chicago. Instead of corpse blood, this section will contain blood "deposited" by people who expect to be sick and may need extra blood to cure them, just as people deposit money in a financial savings bank against an expected rainy day.

Here will be, too, jars containing donations of blood made to the hospital by patients who have recovered and are grateful, deposited in the "bank" so that later unfortunates will have use of this blood, precisely as charitable funds of money are established in many communities from philanthropic people.

Still another possibility is that people who wish to do so may pay part of their hospital fees by leaving some of their blood in the "bank" when they leave the hospital, so that this blood will be available when other sick people need it.

If a report a few days ago at the American Association for the Advancement of Science turns out to be as important as its sponsors hope, the hospital "blood banks" may be enlarged to contain liver departments, kidney safe deposit vaults or similar facilities for other organs, but in this instance the organs will be taken out and killed slowly when they are needed, in order to make use of mysterious curative chemicals which the dying organs seem to be able to produce.

All such "blood bank" methods of treating diseases owe much to the patient work of two Russian physicians and biologists, Professor W. N. Shamov of Kharkov, and Professor S. S. Yudin, head of the emergency hospital at Moscow, both of whom have spent years finding out how blood may be stored with its corpuscles still useful and alive and how blood from bodies already dead may be collected and used in safety.

Recently the methods of these two scientists have been taken up in other countries. Only a few weeks ago, in London, Sir Kaye le Fleming, head of the powerful British Medical Association, proposed storage of blood from people who have recovered from specified diseases. At the Cook County Hospital, in Chicago, Dr. Lindon Seed and his associates have started the world's first "blood bank," whose deposits, however, are of blood from living people instead of blood from corpses.

More than ten years ago, when Professor Shamov first got the idea that use of corpse blood might help fill the urgent need of blood for transfusion at times when no suitable living donor was available, there seemed to be almost insuperable dangers. One was that the blood from a body already dead might be poisonous to another into whom it was injected, or at least that this blood of the dead itself might have died when its body did, so its red corpuscles would be unable to carry oxygen and thus would be useless. Another possible trouble was that the new corpse blood might carry disease thus introduced into the body of the recipient.

The last objection could be met if there were enough time both to test the blood for diseases and to examine carefully the body of the dead person from whom the blood was to come, to make sure that there was no sign of disease in it. The trouble was that the necessary test and post-mortem examination would take time, so that the dead body's blood could not be drawn off and used immediately. On the other hand, to let the corpse blood stand in the dead body until tests could be made impressed Professor Shamov as equally dangerous, since the blood might become infected with germs or might turn poisonous even if it were not so in the beginning.

To test these dangers as far as possible without risking human lives, Professor Shamov and his associates planned a series of experiments on animals. One dog was humanely killed, the blood drawn off and injected into another dog. Nothing happened, so that fear of blood becoming poisonous at the instant of death was removed. The next experiment was to drain all the blood out of the body of a living dog and even to wash the animal's arteries and veins by injecting salt solution and drawing this off again, thus removing from the dog's body even the blood corpuscles which still cling to the blood vessels when all free-running blood has drained away.

So treated, the dogs apparently died. Their hearts and breathing stopped. Regardless of anesthesia, the dogs were unconscious. Left alone a few minutes in this bloodless condition they invariably died.

The experimental animals, however, were not left alone. Into their empty veins new blood was injected; corpse blood taken from another dog killed minutes or even hours before. Invariably, the apparently dead dogs receiving this injection of dog-corpse blood promptly recovered and were as healthy as ever. To Professor Shamov's mind, this proved not only that dog-corpse blood is harmless to other dogs, but that it is alive and able to begin working in the new body precisely as it had been doing in the one from which it came.

The experiments then passed to the operating room of Professor Yudin, who proposed to experiment on human beings but realized the chance of disaster or even of conviction for murder should any of his tests go wrong. The first case on which the new procedure dared to be tried was that of a young Moscow engineer who became despondent and tried to commit suicide by opening a vein at his elbow. When brought to the hospital, this intending suicide was unconscious and dying from loss of blood but nothing else was wrong with him. No living blood donor was at hand and there obviously was no time to get and test one.

In this emergency, Professor Yudin remembered that there was in the hospital the body of an elderly man who had been knocked down by an omnibus and had died of a fractured skull. Although no tests had been made of the suitability of this corpse's blood for transfusion and nothing was known about whether or not the elderly body was diseased, Professor Yudin decided to use the corpse blood for transfusion. He was encouraged, he afterward explained, by the fact that his still living but almost bloodless patient had tried to die anyway, so that the moral responsibility of the surgeon for an experiment that failed would not be quite so great.

Quickly preparing and opening the body of the dead man, Professor Yudin drew off about a pint of blood from the large blood vessels inside the trunk. This blood he injected immediately into the veins of the would-be suicide. That patient promptly recovered and was discharged from the hospital two days later.

Encouraged by the result of this venturesome first attempt, Professor Yudin collected, a few days later, about a quart of blood from the body of another accident victim and injected parts of this into three different patients, all of whom were dying from conditions which a successful blood transfusion might cure. All three were benefitted immediately, just as they would have been by transfusion from a living donor.

After three more similar cases, Professor Yudin went before a gathering of Russian surgeons which happened to be held at that time and asked approval and support for the work of himself and Professor Shamov. This immediately was forthcoming. This was in 1930, and since then the use of corpse blood has been recognized in all Russian institutions.

At first it was believed that the blood must be collected and the transfusion made as soon as possible after death. On one occasion, however, no suitable dead body was available when a transfusion was urgently needed. In the hospital refrigerator there happened to be a pint or so of corpse blood collected three days before and which had been left over from some transfusions made at that time. Professor Yudin again took a chance. He injected this three-day-old blood into the patient who would have died without it. Again, the patient promptly recovered. Thus the possibility of storing corpse blood was proved, as well as the safety and value of using it. Now it is known that corpse blood can be stored in a refrigerator for as long as a month, possibly much longer.

In a recent report in Paris, Professor Yudin described more than a thousand cases in which corpse blood had been used successfully. It now is a routine matter in the Moscow emergency hospital and several other Russian institutions to drain off from one to three quarts of blood from the body of every person who dies in the hospital as a result of accident, heart failure or some similar condition not involving disease.

This blood is tested for its type and other characteristics and is stored in the hospital's refrigerator or "blood bank." Whenever blood is needed for a transfusion it no longer is necessary to send out hurriedly for a donor or to induce relatives or bystanders to accept this duty. A suitable flask of stored corpse blood merely is brought from the refrigerator and the transfusion proceeds.

Such corpse blood is believed to be even safer than blood from a living donor. With such living donors it obviously is impossible to do a complete post-mortem on the donor's body, to be sure that there is no sign of even some obscure disease. On every body from which blood has been drawn for the hospital's bank, such a complete autopsy is done as a matter of routine. If the slightest sign of disease is found, the blood taken from that body is thrown away.

Another advantage is that the stored corpse blood may be tested by as many and as long-continued laboratory tests as the experts deem necessary, before that particular flask of blood is certified as safe to use. It is often useful, too, to have blood ready in the refrigerator for instant use when needed, instead of making a dying patient wait until a living donor can be made ready.

Perhaps, best of all, in Professor Yudin's opinion, is the fact that the availability of large amounts of cheap corpse blood makes it possible to inject pints or even gallons of this blood into patients believed to need large amounts of new blood immediately. In one instance, such a patient received within a few days supplies of blood from six different people, all of whom had been dead for days.

In Russia, the work of Professors Shamov and Yudin and of their colleagues has been confined, in the main, to use of blood when the patient's own blood had been lost or was deficient. The recent suggestion of Sir Kaye le Fleming goes farther than this, into the possibility of providing new blood as an actual cure for disease.

Doctors have known for several years that one way to cure measles or to prevent this disease is to inject into the sick or threatened person blood from a person who had measles before and has recovered. In the severe and often fatal conditions caused by the germ called streptococcus, it also is true that blood from a person who previously has recovered from a similar infection is one of the best cures, sometimes the only possible cure. Every few weeks there is a newspaper or radio request somewhere in the United States for persons who have recovered from this infection to come forward and volunteer blood to treat some other victim. Too often, no such person can be found and the streptococcus victim dies.

In one recent instance described by Sir Kaye, a young man was at the point of death with typhoid fever. A blood transfusion was given, using a living blood donor in the usual way. The typhoid victim immediately got better, but within a few days he took a new case of typhoid and died.

Describing this unfortunate occurrence in a recent public address, Sir Kaye suggested that the result might have been different if the blood given to the typhoid fever patient had been from a donor who had had typhoid fever and recovered. That blood might have been experienced or "educated," Sir Kaye said, to meet the conditions created in the body by the typhoid invasion.

It would not be difficult to inquire, in the case of every corpse used for blood supply, about the germ diseases which that person

(Continued on Page 18)

"Empires of the Moon"-

Conspiracies Which Almost Changed the Course of History, but Failed Because of Some Tremendous Trifle

Dramatized From Old Records by H. Bedford-Jones

"Henriette fell to work. A frail, weak woman? When lives of loved ones are at stake, a woman becomes superhuman. She stripped the two men and exchanged their garments. She bound the mask on the face of Beauvois. The other man she dragged across the floor; then, gasping with effort, rolled the inert body out of sight."

Henriette, Marquise de Verneuil, Mistress of Henry IV of France, From a Rare Old Print.

"A TRIFLE makes a dream—a trifle breaks," sang the English poet, Alfred Tennyson.

And buried away in all but forgotten archives are musty records which deal with conspiracies that might have changed the history of the world—dreams of Empires of Earth that were broken by some trifle and became only "Empires of the Moon"—moonshine.

The American Weekly presents on this page today the sixth of a series dealing with such conspiracies. They have been painstakingly and vividly dramatized from old records, documents and letters by the brilliant American novelist, H. Bedford-Jones. They are historical fact in fiction form presented as some gifted onlooker of the time might have written them.

No. 6—King of the World.

PARTON removed his black-rimmed spectacles and blinked at me. When I say that Parton weighs close to 300, you will get the full effect of his blink.

"When a woman's absolutely alone and desperate," he plumped out, "and sees the lives of her lover and her baby depending on her—what'll she do?"

"Anything," I rejoined. "And I don't blame her."

"Check," he said. "When this woman is young and beautiful as an angel, when her decision must bring death to her child or her lover—and that lover a king—then what'll she do?"

"If I'm any judge, she'll fight like hell!" I replied. "But that's drama. It doesn't happen in real life."

Parton beamed at me. "It did. I have all the dope on it," he said cheerfully.

He is one of those men who, with all the terrible enthusiasm of a college professor, can dig into history and bring up queer things. Parton brought up conspiracies that stubbed their toe; conspiracies that, if successful, would have changed the world's history and made newspaper headlines. His empires of the moon, I usually termed them.

"This, my boy, is inside information—hello! What's that book?"

Like a fat terrier sighting a rat, he focused on an old book I had just bought, a little book, a rare book. It was a 1664 Elzivir, the History of Henri IV of France, by Perefixe. I gave him the name.

"Now there," I added, "is a book fairly crammed with conspiracies!"

His good-natured laugh boomed out.

"I know it," he chortled. "And that guy Perefixe gives just one little paragraph to one of the most fantastic, macabre and bizarre conspiracies in history! One where the conspirators were princes, the hero was a woman, the stake was a throne, and the chief actor a madman. While, if you like gore, you get it in shivery gobs—"

"Never mind all that," I broke in. "I'm not in the mood for your empires of the moon today. Go back where you started—the gal with her back against the wall, choosing between her royal lover and her baby. I like that. You've got something there!"

A Striking Picture of Henry IV, of Navarre, King of France, for Love of Whom Henriette Matched Her Wits Against the French Nobles Who Sought His Death.

Parton shook with laughter, until he had to hold his belly, like Falstaff.

A fat man is no conspirator; that, perhaps, is why Parton leans to such things, by sheer force of contrast. He should have been a salesman, for he has a magic tongue, a hypnotic personality, and the divine gift of making his listeners feel important.

"All right," he assented. "But I need coffee and your office doesn't serve it. Come on down to the basement restaurant and surround a bowl of real mocha!"

"Agreed," I said, "provided you stick to the lady and let conspiracies go hang."

"It's a bargain." He heaved up from his chair. "And as we go, fix this scene in your mind: This girl walks into the nursery and sees a strange man holding a dagger to the heart of her baby. There's the starting point—that moment! You've heard of the dame; Henriette, Marquise de Verneuil, mistress of Henry IV of France."

I stopped short, with coat half on.

"Henry of Navarre?" I said. "But this woman didn't—"

"She did." Chuckling all over, Parton took my arm and propelled me toward the door. "Come on. Remember that picture. I'm giving you inside information on history, something you can't find in books! Come on, and no back talk."

I obeyed, somewhat mystified.

Downstairs, we got a table and ordered coffee, which is Parton's chief dissipation. He took off his black-rimmed spectacles and fastened his large eyes on me.

"Imagine now! Imagine you're a young mother with a baby in the cradle—"

"Imagine you're a cow with boils," I said irritably. "What I want to hear about—"

"Is the drama. Sure. I'm coming to it. Now, the cradle was one of those French contraptions that hangs like a dewdrop from a cowslip. A perfect stranger stood beside it, with his knife out. And back in those days, around 1600, they wore cutlery that was designed to carve gizzards, and did a noble job of it.

"The girl was young. Not beautiful, but the most utterly fascinating woman in the France of her day. She had been out for a ride that afternoon and came back to her house, in the most fashionable part of Paris, to find a strange servant at the door, strange servants inside. They wore liveries, but she knew none of them. Bewildered, she went straight to the nursery. The old nurse was gone; a strange one was at the door. She rushed into the room and saw the man with the dagger standing by the crib.

"Now, get one thing; visualize the terror and anguish in her heart! No matter who that man was or what he did, she would never forget this moment. She would never forgive this man. She would hate him to the very death! And she stood there, staring at him—"

STARING was hardly the word for it; her whole heart, her whole soul, lay in her horrified face at this instant. The man straightened up and saluted her. He was a dark, slim man, with a hard eye and a hard mouth, but handsomely dressed.

"Careful, Madame! No hysterics, please," he said coolly. "We know the Marquise de Verneuil to be a woman of great intelligence. As a mother, she'll comprehend that her child's life is at stake."

"Who are you?" she gasped out.

"A gentleman in the service of the Prince of Sedan, Luc de Beauvois by name," he said, and then stood smiling as she shrank away, pale to the very lips.

Luc de Beauvois! She knew the name. A gentleman gone wrong, a cold-blooded monster, not long ago guilty of half a dozen murders, saved from the gallows by his family connections. No wonder that she blanched at the name, at the sight of him, at his threat.

"Your servants have been replaced by others," he began.

She broke in gustily:

"Oh! This is an outrage! When the King hears of this—"

"Then your child shall die," Beauvois said. "Madame, we need your silence; suppose we go to your room, where we can talk without waking the child."

In mental turmoil, half frantic, she assented.

Henriette was tempestuous. She hesitated at nothing; she was wealthy, highly born, but suddenly she found herself helpless. At the moment, she was in one of those circles which constantly recurred in her relations with the king. She had left him abruptly, in a passionate resentment of some slight from the queen. Henry of Navarre, trying to placate his queen and his mistress at the same time, waited for her to summon him back. In a few days, as usual, he would return—but here and now she had no one. She was alone.

Already, as she led the way to another room, her quick brain was racing. Strange people in her house, she and the babe threatened—why? Beauvois served Sedan, one of the princes who hated the king bitterly. There must be some plot here, she realized.

When they were alone, Beauvois bowed very respectfully.

"I regret, Madame, that in obeying orders I must inconvenience you. You'll find your new maid discreet and capable; the nurse, an admirable woman; the cook, a positive miracle; the lackeys, grooms and other servants are the best in France."

Hatred of this man flamed inside her, but memory of that poniard at the heart of the baby chilled her swift fury.

"What does all this mean?" she flashed out.

"My master, the Count d'Auvergne, your half-brother, and other gentlemen need this house and your assistance, Madame. Your life will go on as usual; it will not be affected. But I remain here. And if, from any source whatever, the king should learn of the matter, your child dies. That's the nub of everything. You'll know tomorrow."

With another bow, Beauvois left her.

Tomorrow! It was clever of them to leave her for a whole day in fear, in ignorance, in frantic suspense. She was under no constraint whatever. The new servants were extremely respectful. She met Beauvois now and then, and he bowed profoundly. Yet terror grew in her soul. She sent a message next morning to Auvergne, her half-brother, who was an illegitimate son of the late King Charles. He sent back curt word that he would visit her that same afternoon. She waited.

It was dusk when a coach rolled into the courtyard of the house in the Rue St. Paul. Auvergne joined her before the big fire in the salon; it was December, and cold. Auvergne, splendidly dressed, weakly handsome, weakly cruel, kissed her fingers and smiled thinly.

"What's all this madness? What does it mean?" she burst out at him. He dropped into a chair, laughing at her.

"Henriette, certain gentlemen believe that justice should be done you," he said cynically. "You help us, we help you. You love the king; we don't. Let's face facts now."

"Say out your say, little man," she said in scathing contempt. He pulled at a bell-cord, and a servant appeared.

"Go down to my coach; bring up the two gentlemen who are there. Tell Beauvois to put their effects in the room prepared for them."

"So you're master here now, are you?" snapped Henriette.

He grinned.

"My dear sister, before you surrendered your charms to this rascal, Henry, he wrote out a marriage contract with his own hand; a legal, binding document. We know that he violated this contract, married Marie of Florence, and her son is now Dauphin of France—a title your pretty boy should wear. And you should be queen. By the way, I'm introducing you to the gentleman who came with me. He's rather a peculiar person; we'll resume our chat after he's gone to his room. He'll be with you for a few days. Treat him with the utmost respect, I advise you. Here he comes now."

"And where will he be after a few days?" she demanded.

"In hell," said Auvergne, very cheerfully. "With Henry IV of France."

Two men came into the room. The first was very tall, very thin, with a pointed reddish beard and eyes that were pale blue and deathly sharp. He was magnificently dressed. The second man was, at a venture, a physician.

To the utter amazement of Henriette, her half-brother went to one knee, kissed the hand of the gaunt readbeard, then rose and uttered even more amazing words.

"Your Majesty, allow me to present the rightful Queen of France. I warned her you are incognito, but she insists on welcoming you to Paris. With your help, she shall regain her throne."

"Pardie, she shall if my power and good right arm can help her!" said the stranger quickly. "Madame, until tomorrow night I must be plain Messire Jean de Lisle. I salute you with undying devotion, and thank you for your hospitality."

Henriette was too stupefied to speak. Majesty? There was no visiting king in

(Continued on Page 16)

A Painting of the Assassination of the Duke of Guise, the Fate Planned for Henry the Great by the Titled Plotters Who Schemed to Make Henriette Queen of France and Her Child Heir to the Throne.

Paid Trips Abroad and $200. for Smuggling Fortunes in Gems

School Teachers, Housemaids and Others Wanting Free Vacations Brought in $13,000,000 Worth of Jewels in 10 Years Until Romances Broke Up "Diamond Queen Gussie's" Remarkable Gang

Came Home to "Face the Music." Gussie Firstenberg, Queen of the Smuggling Ring, Whose Racket Has Come to an Unhappy Climax.

Women Agents Would Methodically Spread Out Gussie's Toes, Peer Into Her Mouth, Nose and Ears and Even Comb Out Her Long Black Hair, But Never Once Did They Find Any Hidden Gems—for the Simple Reason That Gussie Never Carried Them.

GUSSIE FIRSTENBERG, the "queen" of the diamond smugglers, came back from Europe the other day, but this time she didn't send her usual taunting cable to United States customs agents, asking them not to search her. This time she sent a very humble message which said: "Coming home to face the music."

Probably nobody has ever been searched more often or more thoroughly than "Queen" Gussie, who was the head of a sort of royal family of smugglers and the guiding genius behind a well-organized gang that ran $13,000,000 worth of uncut diamonds through the American customs during the past ten years, operating in and out of the Port of New York on regular schedules and using trans-Atlantic liners as if they were ferryboats.

This searching business got to be a sort of game between Gussie and the customs agents, although neither side really liked it. To say the least, it must have been annoying to her—and it undoubtedly exasperated them, going over her baggage like that time after time with a fine-tooth comb, so to speak, without turning up a single contraband diamond—and going over Gussie herself literally with a fine-tooth comb with the same lack of results.

Now that Gussie and most of the regular members of her band have confessed and pleaded guilty, the customs agents know the reason they were never able to catch any of them with the goods. It seems so simple now, but it certainly had the authorities baffled for a long time.

Neither Gussie nor any permanent member of her organization ever brought over any "hot ice" themselves. They were too smart for that. What Gussie did was hire quiet, well-behaved, innocent-looking "carriers," who all had such an air of respectability that no one would ever suspect them of being in partnership with a gang of smugglers. These carriers were such types as school teachers, housemaids, salesgirls and even an occasional honeymoon couple,—in fact, almost any obscure and discreet person who was eager for a trip to Europe and couldn't afford it but was willing to run a little risk to get it.

Accused of Being Queen Gussie's Unsuspected Diamond "Carriers," the Hirelings of the Gang—(Left to Right) Rebecca Silver, the School Teacher, Who Pleaded Not Guilty; Becky Rod, Saleswoman; Perl Weinberg, Whose Arrest Solved the Mystery, and Helen Glassman, Wife of a Waiter.

And all they had to do was meet one of Gussie's pals in London or Paris, pick up a false-bottom suitcase with about $100,000 worth of diamonds hidden in it, bring it over to this country, pass it through the customs without betraying any nervousness, and finally deliver it to another member of the gang, in a taxicab or a hotel room. For that simple service, all their expenses were paid and they usually got around $200 extra.

Naturally, Gussie had to be cautious about picking the carriers, and one of the most remarkable things about the whole case is that she was such a good judge of human nature she never once picked the wrong person. Of all the many people she approached with the scheme, not one of them ever turned right around and reported it to the authorities.

And all this time, most of Gussie's social and business acquaintances just thought of her as the handsome Mrs. Firstenberg, who was an unusually smart woman and president of an astonishingly prosperous and highly respectable diamond company with impressive offices on Fifth Avenue, New York.

But the customs agents had a very different opinion of Gussie and they had mighty good reason for believing they were right. So they kept right on trying to trap her and she kept right on sending her jeering messages.

"On my way over," she would cable, naming the ship and adding, "but please don't search me."

But they would search her each time, just the same, and they probably never went at it with such painstaking determination with any other suspect. They used to make quite a little ceremony out of it.

A special delegation, both men and women agents, would be down at the dock to meet her and when she came striding across the pier they would greet her with sour smiles, pleasant enough but alert and always distrustful. If any of them were so inclined, Gussie would shake hands and joke a bit before getting down to business.

"All right," she would say, "let's get it over with, but you're just wasting your time, and mine, too."

Then they would have all her baggage trundled into a private room, with Gussie trailing along, grinning right in their faces. The men would just about tear her baggage apart, ransacking through it and poking into everything. They would measure each suitcase and trunk, inside and out, to see if there were any hidden compartments, and then thump it and tap it all over.

The heels of all her shoes, even those she was wearing, would be carefully examined and tapped with a little hammer, as would any similar hiding places, such as fountain pens or umbrella handles. With equal care, they would go over all her toilet articles, opening her compact and removing the rouge, prying into her lipstick, emptying her powder box and her bath salts and even sticking a knitting needle into her soap.

They would make her dump out the contents of her pocketbook, but they wouldn't touch her money—that might cause trouble later if she claimed any of it was missing. The procedure with the money was to have her peel off each separate bill and hold it up so they could see both sides of it. A small fortune in diamonds can be hidden in a large wad of money by spreading them out between the bills and sticking them in place with chewing gum.

When the men were through, they would escort her back to the ship, to the cabin she had occupied, and there they would turn her over to the woman agents, who would make her strip off every last stitch of clothing. The seams of each garment would be felt and examined by one woman while the others were giving their thorough-going attention to the handsome Mrs. Firstenberg herself.

There are a number of places about the human body where diamonds can be hidden, and the women would overlook none of them. A person with a large, full face, for instance, could carry half a dozen or more uncut stones worth about $1,000 each in the mouth, by pressing them into wax and moulding this to fit the inside of the cheeks. Or a nice little stake could be easily fastened into the crevices on the underside of the toes with chewing gum.

So the women methodically spread out Gussie's toes, and peered into her mouth and her nose and her ears and every other possible hiding place. They even combed out her long black hair, which is abundant enough to conceal a king's ransom.

Assistant U. S. Attorney Charles T. Murphy Who Forced Gussie to Return, Penitent, to America.

And even though this would be tedious for Gussie, all the time she would be having a good laugh because, while it was going on, whoever happened to be the carrier on that particular trip would be passing through the regular customs routine, never once suspected.

It has even been reported, though not confirmed, that on one occasion Gussie was taken to a doctor's office where X-ray photographs of her were made, just to be sure she hadn't swallowed any capsules which wouldn't dissolve and which might contain diamonds.

Suspicion was first directed toward Mrs. Firstenberg when customs officials discovered a startling discrepancy between the total amount of duty being paid each year on uncut diamonds legitimately imported into this country and the total amount of income tax being paid by all the firms that handle uncut diamonds. It was natural enough for them to suspect her.

She was the daughter of the late Morris Ber Lukin, the founder of a sort of diamond dynasty, who had himself been under suspicion about thirty years ago. His five daughters had all married diamond importers and his two sons grew up in the same business. The whole family was making money hand over fist selling unfinished stones in this country, but they weren't importing many—and the most prosperous of all was Gussie, who had taken over her husband's firm when he died and become head of the Lukin clan.

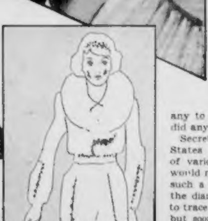


Diagram Showing How Diamonds May Be Concealed by a Woman Carrier, Including Such Hiding Places as Heels, Seams in Clothing, Hair, Umbrella, and Even the Mouth.

At least twice a year, Gussie went to Antwerp, Belgium, the diamond capital, from which most rough stones are imported, but she seldom bought any to speak of and neither did any of her relatives.

Secret agents of the United States Government, women of various nationalities who would never be suspected of such a thing, frequented all the diamond shops and tried to trace every large purchase, but sooner or later the trail would be lost. The gang was too clever to be caught that way.

Various brokers, who probably never saw any of the Lukins, made the original purchases for them in small lots, on order, and these passed through half a dozen hands before the individual packages would be assembled, put in a false-bottom suitcase and delivered to the carrier.

So there is no telling how long the customs agents would have continued to be baffled by the smoothly-working efficiency of this crafty gang if internal dissension hadn't broken out. This started, according to Assistant United States Attorney Charles T. Murphy, when Mr. Mark Ginsburg, who was "Queen" Gussie's "prime minister" and is also her brother-in-law, was accused of neglecting his invalid wife and taking too much personal interest in some of the pretty women carriers, in other words, the fatal error of mixing business with pleasure.

Anna Lasauskas, the Housemaid, Whose Alleged Romance With Gussie's Brother-in-Law Is Said to Have Caused the Fatal Split of the Smuggling Group Into Two Factions.

Gussie is no prude, but she just couldn't sit back and see her own sister humiliated. Besides, Mr. Murphy said, Mr. Ginzburg was charged with breaking two of Gussie's strict rules at one fell swoop—taking one of the carriers, a pretty housemaid named Anna Lasauskas, to Antwerp, when Gussie insisted the carriers remain in London or Paris, and living at the same hotel with Anna. In addition, it was charged in a statement to the judge that Mr. Ginzburg was indiscreet in his attention to Helen Glassman, another pretty carrier, wife of a New York waiter.

As a result, Mr. Murphy said, the gang split high, wide and handsome, one division remaining with Gussie and the other following Mr. Ginzburg, but there was so much bickering both groups grew careless about employing the same carriers too often, and this eventually made it possible for customs agents to spot a certain Mr. Isaac Weinberg, who sold dress goods from door to door in New York City, but had made several mysterious trips to London. Later, they discovered Mr. Weinberg's wife, Perl, was going to England, so they had special agents watch her over there, and when she left her London hotel with an overnight bag she had not taken there, they where ready to swoop down on her when she returned to New York.

They let her pass through the customs unmolested, but when her husband met her and the two drove off in a taxi, two agents in plain clothes followed in a government car, and

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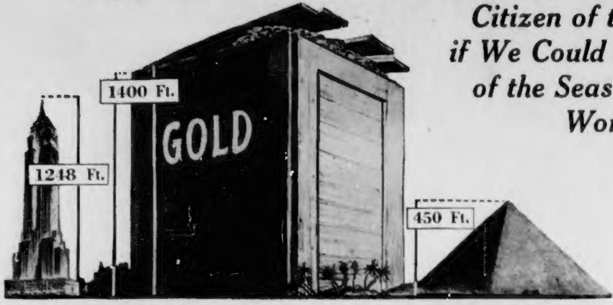
Your Share of All the Gold in the World

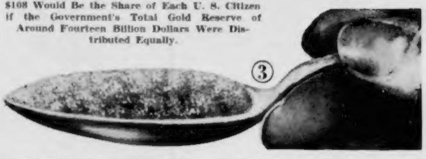
Only About Two Teaspoons and a Tablespoonful, Worth $324, For Every Citizen of the United States—But if We Could Get It All Out of the Seas Every Man, Woman and Child in the World Would Get $875,000 Apiece


1400 Ft.
GOLD
1248 Ft.
450 Ft.

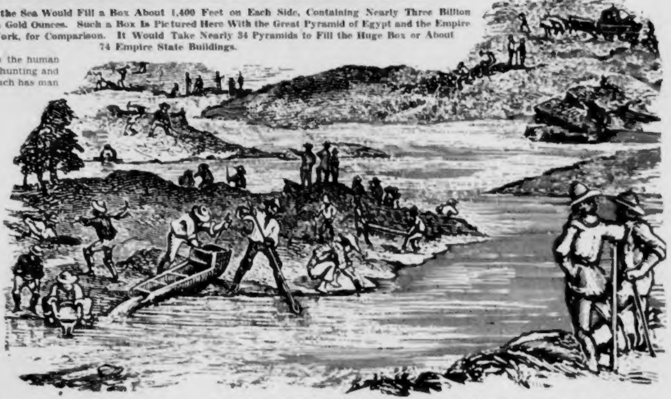
All the Gold in Solution in the Sea Would Fill a Box About 1,400 Feet on Each Side, Containing Nearly Three Billion Cubic Feet or 50,000 Billion Gold Ounces. Such a Box Is Pictured Here With the Great Pyramid of Egypt and the Empire State Building, New York, for Comparison. It Would Take Nearly 34 Pyramids to Fill the Huge Box or About 74 Empire State Buildings.

A Level Teaspoonful of Gold Dust, or About $60, Would Be the Share of Each U. S. Citizen if All the Gold Known to Have Existed Since America Was Discovered and Which Has Been Buried With the Dead or Lost or Used Up in Industry Were to Be Distributed Equally.

A Heaping Teaspoonful of Gold Worth About $108 Would Be the Share of Each U. S. Citizen if the Government's Total Gold Reserve of Around Fourteen Billion Dollars Were Distributed Equally.



And a Moderately Heaping Tablespoonful of Gold Worth About $156 Is What Each U. S. Citizen Would Receive if All the Other Gold Now in Public or Private Ownership in the World Were Distributed.



"Gold is where you find it." An Old Print Showing Western Miners at Work Digging and Panning the Precious Metal in the Days of the California Gold Rush in 1849.

Pirates Who Sailed the Spanish Main Buried Their Treasure and Frequently Murdered the Men Who Helped Them Hide It. How Much of This Buried Gold Is Awaiting Some Fortunate Discoverer No One Knows.

"Treasure," by the German Artist, August von Heyden, Inspired by the Legends of the Nibelungen Hoard Which Wagner Immortalized in His Operas.

SINCE prehistoric times the human race has never ceased hunting and hoarding gold. How much has man been able to save up in all these ages and how big would be each person's share, if all this treasure were to be divided evenly?

The precious metal never rusts or spoils; comparatively little, only about 18 per cent, has gotten lost permanently or been destroyed in wrecks, fires, gold paint and gold teeth buried with their owners. The gold of King Solomon's mines and those of the first Pharaohs probably is partly in circulation today, and even some from nuggets picked out of streams by the wandering cave men.

The bones of the men who mined it, who traded and labored for it, who stole it from each other, who died guarding it; countless generations of them have gone back to dust, but most of their treasure is still with us today. The factories, ships, even the cities created with the gold are gone, but the yellow metal itself still remains with the power to create new ones.

In spite of all that, the total of humanity's huntings and hoardings is astonishingly small, amounting only to an insignificant pinch of gold dust for each grasping hand—and how hands have grasped for it down the ages.

At present the United States has the largest amount of gold ever assembled under one ownership, in the history of the world. Also nobody else is permitted to have any except in jewelry, dentistry and a few other arts and sciences. The Government hoard weighs about 400,000,000 troy ounces, the unit of weight used the world over for measuring precious metals and at the valuation given by Presidential decree, it is worth a little more than 14 billion dollars.

Yet, unless he lived in the East, it would hardly be worth a citizen's time and expenses traveling to Washington to collect his share. Divided equally among the 129,000,000 citizens of the Continental United States, this would make a trifle more than three troy ounces of gold apiece; about one heaping teaspoonful, if the gold were in the form of gold dust that Western miners once carried around in chamois skin pokes and weighed out to pay for their drinks in old-time saloons. At the present valuation, of $35 an ounce each person could convert his dust into $108 in paper dollars, silver and copper pennies.

No such distribution is contemplated just now, but it could be done, at least in theory. In addition, there is estimated to be about one more ounce apiece, in the arts and sciences, gold teeth and bridge work, gilded domes of buildings, etc., most of which could not be collected by any conceivable method. But if it could the American citizen would have enough to make his teaspoon overflow.

There are reasonably accurate figures for the quantities of gold owned by other nations in the form of gold reserves, held in national banks or otherwise. All the known gold that exists anywhere, probably amounts to little more than twice Uncle Sam's holdings. Therefore, if the United States could somehow get all the rest of the world's gold, in addition to its own, still the "great divide" would only yield about one heaping tablespoon. On the other hand, should Uncle Sam "make a good fellow of himself" by pooling his gold with all the rest, in a world-wide distribution, each person would get only about $17 or as many grains of the precious dust as the grains of sugar that stick to a baby's wet fingertips when it pokes them into a sugar bowl.

If all the gold known to have existed since the discovery of America but now lost in various ways could be recovered and divided equally among the citizens of the United States, each citizen would receive about a level teaspoonful of gold dust, worth about $60, as his share; one heaping teaspoonful, worth about $108, would be his share of the U. S. Government gold reserve; and a moderately heaping tablespoonful, worth about $156, would be his share of all the other gold in the world, publicly and privately owned, making in all about $324 in value.

"Gold is where you find it" runs the old prospector's phrase and there is probably plenty of it in the earth, if one knows where and how to get it out without too much expense.

On top of the earth but in no man's possession are estimated to be 50,000 billion more ounces, but they are floating about in the salt water of the seven seas, 40,000 times as much as all the hands of the human race have succeeded in clutching since there was a human hand.

No chemist at present has any idea of how to recover that sea gold profitably. But should someone put the secret in Uncle Sam's possession, far from enriching him by fishing all that fabulous treasure from the sea, it would bankrupt him. Instead of adding to the value of what gold he already has, it would make that and all other gold worthless, except for such commercial purposes as might be found for it. Soldiers quite likely would shoot each other with gold bullets instead of lead but they would not longer accept pay in gold, any more than they would in lead dollars.

The same thing would have happened to the once precious metal that happened to wampum, the Indian's money. Wampum was strings of beads, made of the interior parts of certain sea shells and involved so much labor, that like gold, it was scarce and valuable. Some of the thrifty New England colonists invented methods of turning out wampum by cheap quantity production which promptly made wampum of no value whatever.

Should the sea give up its gold, everyone's share instead of a tiny pinch, would become 25,000 troy ounces for everyone of the 2,000,000,000 living people or nearly one and a half cubic feet of the solid metal, enough to fill a ten-gallon pail and have five pints left over. This would give about $875,000 to everyone at present valuation and yet, if everyone had that much, it would probably not have enough purchasing value to buy a barrel of flour, and dollars made of silver or tin or some other metal still rare enough to be expensive would have to be substituted for money pieces made of gold or based on gold.

The person in the world to whom this might be most important is the Aga Khan, religious and political leader of a large proportion of the world's Moslems, and whose income from his followers comes in part in gold presented to him each year in an amount equal to his own weight. Last March, when His Highness was weighed in gold in Nairobi, East Africa, in the annual ceremony and presentation, he weighed 3,200 ounces and received gold valued at $113,000. A year before, he was several pounds heavier and received, allowing for a somewhat different price of gold, nearly $10,000 more money; he being one of the few people in the world for whom it is financially advantageous to be fat and a tragedy to get thin.

But even at the lesser weight, the Aga Khan, in order to get the gold he received, had to have the gold shares of more than 6,500 average people, provided all the known gold in the world were divided among the world's living population.

If all the gold that has been mined since the discovery of America when gold accumulation really began on a large scale, were melted into one cube it would have an edge of about 40 feet. But if all the gold in the ocean could be made into a cube or placed in a box its sides would be about 1,400 feet long, wide and high. It would contain nearly three billion cubic feet, a volume about 34 times the cubic content of the Great Pyramid of Egypt or about 74 times that of the Empire State Building, in New York City.

Such gold as there is has mostly gotten into circulation since Columbus set out for China and found a new continent on the way. Up to that time, besides the gold nuggets picked out of brooks in prehistoric times, a few mines had been worked by crude methods contributing a steady but small trickle and occasionally a man like Croesus, of Lydia, might be called a real gold-mining king. Nobody knows how much there was in the known world before 1492, but it wasn't much.

Following the discovery of America, large amounts of gold, accumulated for centuries by the Incas of South America, the Aztecs of Mexico and other American nations, were confiscated and taken to Europe on treasure ships. This sudden flood of gold fired everyone's imagination, from pirate to peasant, with ambitions to get rich quick.

The effect of that ambition on the human race was tremendous. The Spaniards overran Central and South America for gold. The English "hijacked" the Spanish treasure ships on their way home and thereby grew to be the world's greatest sea power. English and French, colonizing North America, found little gold on the Indians but they carried the hope of sudden wealth in their hearts generation after generation to find realization at last in the great gold rush after the precious metal was found in California in 1848.

Plodding clerks, farmers, artisans and merchants whom nobody suspected of harboring such ambitions, deserted their work and staked everything on the great gamble for quick riches. Most of them wore themselves out in vain, many died but enough became fabulously rich to keep the rush up until little was left but low-grade gold fields that could be mined only by heavy investment of capital.

At first from surface deposits men made good livings and even fortunes with their bare hands, with the crude and wasteful methods of panning and washing. The washing method was glorified on a monster scale by hydraulic placer mining and dredging.

Five years ago, computations by economists of New York University reached the conclusion that the total amount of gold mined up to that time and since the discovery of America probably amounted to about 1,100,000,000 ounces, or nearly three times the present $14,000,000,000 gold reserve of the United States.

Since then the total of the world's gold has increased greatly, chiefly because the price of gold has been higher everywhere and mining has been more profitable. In the United States, the basis for exchange of gold for other kinds of money or for useful goods stood for many years at the value of $20.67 for a troy ounce. During the depression, as one plan for helping business and bringing better times, the official price of gold in the United States was raised to $35 an ounce, similar action being taken in most of the other countries of the world.

The result of this was that many mines which could not mine gold at a profit when the price was only $20 an ounce found that they could do so profitably at the higher price of $35 an ounce. These mines promptly opened up again, worked their ores as fast as possible and tried to make and sell as much gold as they could while the price of metal still was high.

In British South Africa, where are found the world's richest gold mines, owners took advantage of the increased price of gold to rush work on low grade ores of which there are millions of tons, unprofitable to work at the old price, meanwhile stopping operations on high

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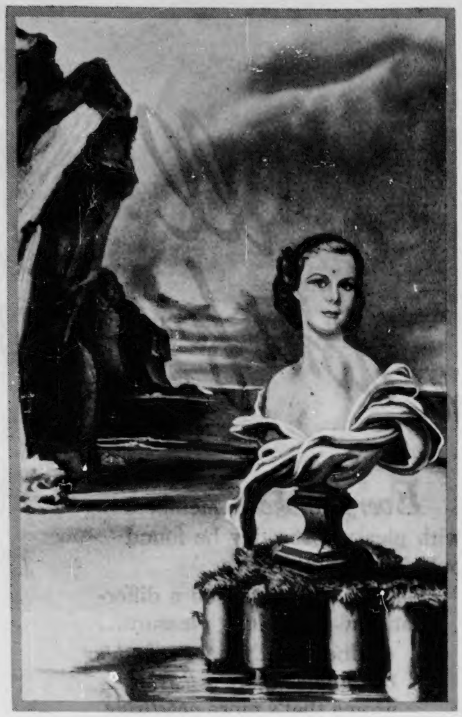
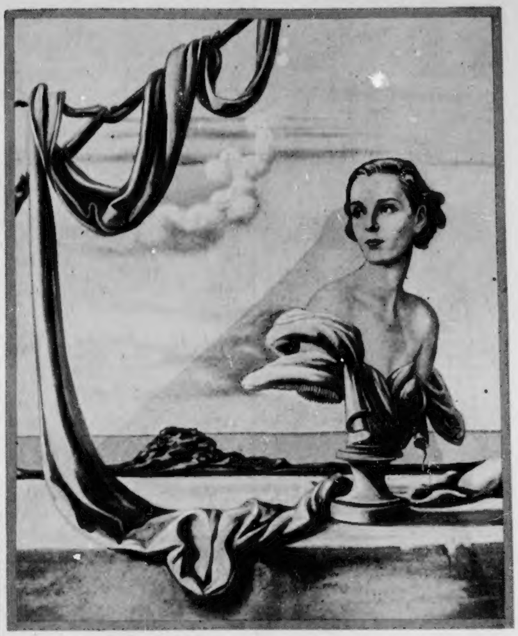
Beauties as Busts

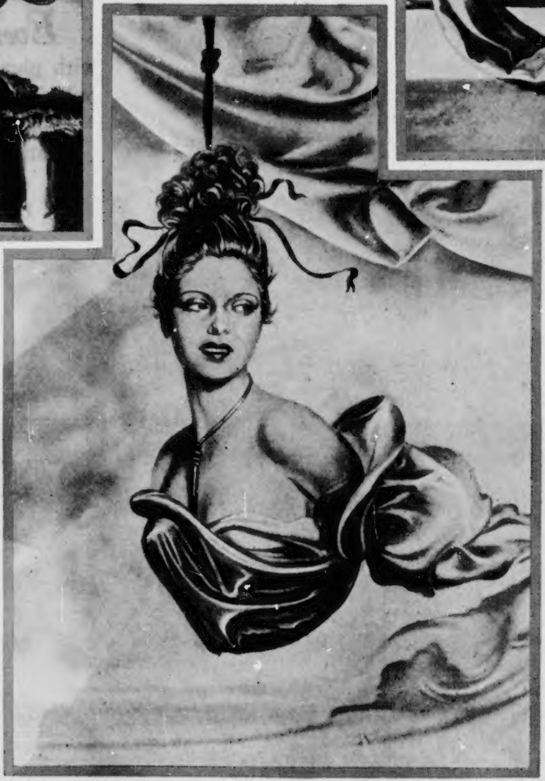
Unusual Portraits by an American Artist, Who Paints Women Wholly as "Decorative Objects Against a Romantic Background"



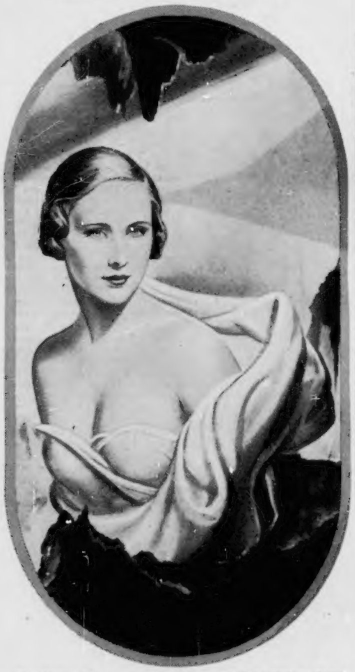
The Countess of Rosse as a Sculptured Bust Standing on a Grass-Grown Rock in the Center of a Sea-Side Pool.



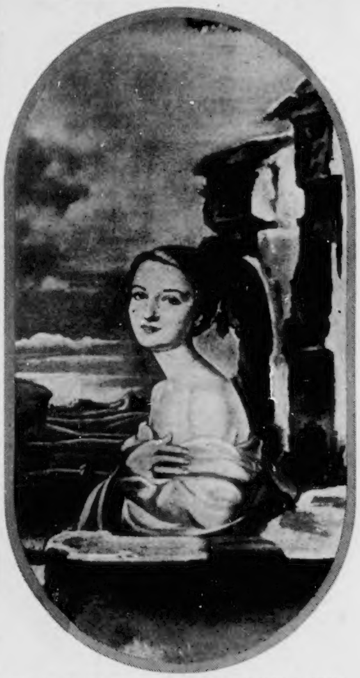
Lady Bridget Parsons as a Bust, Posed on a Sea Wall.



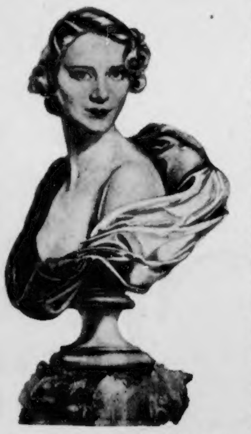
Floating in Mid-Air, Tied to Space by a Hair-Ribbon, Is This Unconventional Portrait of Mrs. John Lodge, Fashionable London Hostess.



Miss Edythe Baker, Actress and Wife of the Paris Banker, Gerard d'Erlanger. The Shaggy Black Rocks of the Background Emphasize Her Classical Blonde Beauty.



An Imaginary Early Florentine Landscape With a Ruined Abbey in the Distance Painted in Rich Warm Colors Strengthens the "Decorative Qualities" of Countess James de Pourtales.



The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava Posed as a Bust Against a Calm Morning Sea.

LONDON, January 30.

WILLIAM ACTON, young American artist, paints his portraits of beautiful women as busts against unexpected backgrounds of rocky shores, stormy seas and purple skies.

Probably not very many women would like to be shown floating in mid-air, tied to space by a hair ribbon, but Mrs. John Lodge, popular and fashionable London hostess, doesn't seem to mind.

At the opening of his exhibition at the Royal Society of Painters, Mr. Acton explained why he treats lovely women so.

"I believe in using women as decorative objects," he said. "In this way I can bridge the gulf between realism and imagination. Romantic surroundings bring out the real qualities of the subject."

Mr. Acton shows what he means in his portrait of the Countess of Rosse. She is painted as a bust on a mossy, grass-grown rock standing in the center of a seaside pool. The Countess' auburn hair and classical features are in sharp contrast to the desolate shore which stretches off into a background of overcast, gray sky. Even the Countess would agree that her beauty in the presence of such solitude has a breathtaking quality.

One of the most effective studies is that of Lady Bridget Parsons, sister of the Earl of Rosse. She is posed as a bust on a sea wall. A flowing drapery hung on the bare branch of a tree relieves the monotonous landscape of the background. The whole effect is as dignified as Lady Parsons could wish it to be and hints at her wistful, human qualities.

The imaginary background behind Miss Edythe Baker shows how it can help to bring out the decorative qualities of the sitter. She has a warm, golden beauty in sharp contrast to the shaggy, black rocks of the background. The coldness of the sky gives a sense of loneliness. But the friendly eyes and graceful pose gives the actress' portrait balance. She is a versatile performer who plays the piano as well as she acts. Her wit has made her a popular hostess in Paris as well as London.

Behind the portrait of Countess James de Pourtales is an early Florentine landscape with a ruined abbey in the distance. In spite of the desolation of the scene, the colors are as warm and charming as the Countess herself. A deep blue sky brings out the tone of her ash-blonde hair and the contours of her face. She has a wistful heroic look as she stands with her back to the ruins.

Another golden-haired noblewoman is the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, a beautiful daughter of the Guinness family. The calm background of morning light on the sea is a suitable frame for her features. The face is full of variety and the features are indeed ornamental. The sky and sea are nearly the same shade of blue, divided only by a streak of golden sunlight, which emphasizes the graceful contour of the Marchioness' neck.

The 31-year-old painter comes of an old English family, although his parents are American. He received most of his training in Florence, Italy, and took prizes there for his landscape painting. It was only three years ago that he turned his attention to portraits. There is a slight suggestion of sur-realism in his work but there are no tricks in his handling of likenesses. Sur-realists often paint machinery and dislocated arms and legs as part of the body, while Mr. Acton believes that the face and bust are the most important parts, and shows them so. The unusual settings dramatize beautiful faces and will probably become a vogue, if the record crowds that visited the exhibition are an indication.

In spite of the similarity of many of the settings, none of Mr. Acton's work is monotonous. At the exhibition there are two portraits shown for several of the sitters. The two portraits of Lady Bridget Parsons are quite different in background and each has a quality of its own. The two studies of the Countess of Rosse and of Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell show the same variety. Those of Mrs Sitwell were designed to bring out two different qualities of the sitter. In the first she is shown as a woman of fashion; in the second, as an "intellectual," capable of writing introductions to her husband's books.

One of the most distinctive portraits is that of Madame Louise de Vilmorin, the singer, who accompanies herself in five or six different languages on the guitar. The cold, simple background frames the dark, classical features of Madame de Vilmorin. Only a loop of shiny satin drapery hung from the top of the picture relieves the monotony, which is, nevertheless, effective.

Mr. Acton's portraits combine three different forms of artistic representation in an unusual way. While each is primarily a portrait of a beautiful woman the artist has also utilized landscapes and still-life for the background. This has been done before but Mr. Acton has an unusual way of doing it.

In the portrait of Lady Parsons, for example, the drapery, the bust and the landscape have an almost equal importance and the picture is well-balanced. This bears out the artist's theory that he sees his subjects wholly as "decorative objects" and that the romantic background, while helping to bring out the personality of the sitter, is as important as the likeness.

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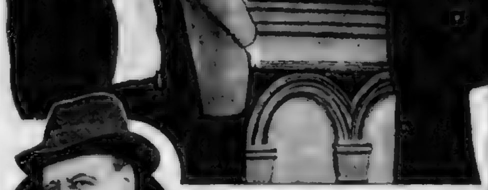
Saving Souls With Free Beer and the Bible

Benevolent Mrs. Ranck's Plan for Luring Sinners Back to the Straight and Narrow Path by Giving Them Their Meals and Drinks Free Provided They Can Memorize the Scriptures

Reverend Basil Jellicoe, London's Equivalent of Mrs. Ranck, Who Opened a Tavern for Lost, or Nearly Lost Souls

It's a Standing Offer by Mrs. Ranck to Provide Two Free Beers for Each Two Bible Verses Committed to Memory by Her Rough Customers. Six Verses Bring on a Full Meal, and It Works, She Says, "Better than Hellfire Preaching.



Bishop Frank Rice, Who Won Acclaim by Serving Drinks to His Denver Parishioners, Is Here Shown Tending Bar in His Hotel Church

A Quiet Day in the Ranck Tavern at Hopkins, Missouri

Several Years Ago Bishop Rice, Wearing Sackcloth and Offering Raffle Tickets With a Coffin as the Prize, Was a Familiar Figure in Denver

Kindly Mrs. Julia Ranck, the Soul-Saving Tavern Keeper, Who Is Her Own Bouncer When Patrons Forget They Are Gentlemen

E[illegible]

For [illegible] Mrs. Ranck [illegible] her [illegible] big apple [illegible] straight and narrow path.

Instead of [illegible] a hatchet [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] that the [illegible] Bible [illegible] the hatchet."

"There [illegible] she [illegible] going to the dogs faster than they can be saved. But you're [illegible] to save them by preachin' [illegible] brimstone. [illegible] to step in there."

Mrs. Ranck's [illegible] took the form of two free beers for each two Bible verses which a [illegible] would memorize in her tavern.

If he could stand the strain of memorizing six, he would be given a free meal in exchange. Of course this applied only to those who were broke, but since most of the sinners would spend all their money tanking up at drinking emporia before weaving their way to Mrs. Ranck's place, this didn't cut down the number of applicants to any great extent.

In the short time she has been in business, she has already traded Bible verses for three hundred free meals, forty-six cases of beer, and two hundred and fifty-six kegs of draught beer, so dealing in sinners has been brisk.

"Because I sell beer isn't any sign I'm not doing the Lord's work," said Mrs. Ranck, by way of explanation. "If I were asked by a young preacher where to go to do the most good, I'd say the modern night club, or the Tavern on Main Street. You've got to meet the devil on his own ground if you're going to whip him.

"[illegible] to be where sinners are [illegible]. That's exactly why I started [illegible] an [illegible]. Never in the history of this [illegible] was sin as rampant as now. The medieval days don't [illegible] though they were just [illegible] to go wrong. New [illegible] experts at it."

Soon after setting up in business Mrs. Ranck discovered that it wasn't [illegible] that she'd have to wrestle with. Some of the sinners who staggered into her place were satisfied to remain wicked and simply considered her place a way station in which to get tanked up before proceeding to the main line for more refueling. Thus, Mrs. Ranck had to do a bit of bouncing now and then, even as is done in many another saloon with less regard to their patrons' spiritual welfare. Inasmuch as she weighs 200 pounds, however, she didn't see the necessity of hiring a professional bouncer. When Bible verses failed, she, like the U. S. Marines, had the situation well in hand.

Townfolk are still talking in awed tones about one incident last April when a circus strong man whooped things up in Mrs. Ranck's saloon. According to the local version of the affair, some of the repentent sinners were righteously quaffing their brew under Mrs. Ranck's approving glance, when the door was flung open and the strong man sauntered up to the bar. His muscles bulged as he walked, his neck was like a bull, his hands were like two enormous hams.

"I'm a wolf and this is my night to howl," he shouted defiantly. "Set them up on the house!"

Good naturedly Mrs. Ranck placed a schooner of beer in front of him at the same time handing him a copy of the Bible.

"Read two verses in payment," she suggested.

The strong man ignored the book. "Suppose a man can't read?" he asked.

"In that case, I reckon you're not deaf," she said mildly. "You could repeat the verses after me."

Whereupon the strong man proceeded to gulp his beer and then impress the others at the bar with his strength. He bent the iron stove poker around his neck. He bent a spike with his teeth. He contemplated ripping up the bar rail and bending it into a large brass pretzel. While he was thinking about it, he dreamily bent over across the bar and pinched Mrs. Ranck. Immediately she slapped him, he slapped [illegible]

[illegible] forty [illegible] the season [illegible] a bench [illegible] at the [illegible]

"[illegible] he [illegible] I [illegible] that I [illegible] on me."

As for Mrs. Ranck there wasn't a scratch on her. She went back to refreshing her sinners and from that day to this she hasn't been bothered by anybody whooping it up in her place. She believes that in a modest way she is doing her bit to restore sinners to righteousness and folks for miles around who have visited her saloon agree with her.

Among some clergymen, too, she has enthusiastic supporters. In fact during the past ten years there have been several who have seen the wisdom of fighting evil right in the barrooms with beer as a weapon. A little more than two years ago, Bishop Frank H. Rice, Supreme Pontiff of the Methodist Church, Inc., and the Liberal Church, Inc., started serving free beer and wine at weddings, funerals and baptisms.

Taking over the famous old Windsor Hotel bar in downtown Denver, Col., Bishop Rice decided that a mixture of liquor is good for people and pointed to the Bible, Judges, ch. 9, verses 12 and 13, and Psalms 104, ver. 15 to prove it.

"I established this saloon to prove that a bar and saloon can be conducted in harmony with the highest and truest [illegible]

[illegible]

"I pay for the [illegible] that I distribute free [illegible] I simply resort to a plan I [illegible] a number of years ago in securing funds for the [illegible]," he said. "I [illegible] the aid of a [illegible] of more or less well-to-do Denver business men. They often [illegible] to their homes at stag parties to act as jester for the [illegible]. I have a [illegible] knowledge of magician's tricks.

"I also have the support of some fine spiritual women each over seventy years of age. They frequently supply me with funds necessary for the conduct of my church, with its free lodgings, free meals and free beer, wine and whisky.

"No women, however, are allowed in my saloon except on specially arranged "Women's Days." Persons under twenty-five years of age are not served, except when they are entitled to free liquor at baptisms, funerals and weddings, and when their sins are forgiven."

Another prominent clergyman who made a success of mixing religion with liquor is the Rev. Basil Jellicoe of St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Somerstown, St. Pancras, London. The Rev. Jellicoe, a cousin of Earl Jellicoe who commanded the British Grand Fleet at the famous Battle of Jutland during the World War, had his own particular line of strategy. Instead of beginning [illegible]

[illegible]

Just what he would [illegible] such as confronted Mrs. Ranck with the strong man is not known for the occasion did not arise in The Anchor. Father Jellicoe ran it on continental lines. "With an abundance of music and gaiety to bring sunshine and gaiety into the lives of our less fortunate brothers," he said.

Where the less fortunate brothers would get the money to pay for the drinks was entirely up to them, for Father Jellicoe was a realist as well as a reformer. He did not trade Bible verses for free beer as does Mrs. Ranck nor depend upon philanthropists as did Bishop Rice. "The Anchor" was run on a pay-as-you-go policy with no free drinks.

Another English clergyman, the Rev. J. H. Sandford, Vicar of St Mary's, at Bury St. Edmunds, however, did offer a free drink on the house once a year to his entire flock. The money to pay for it was left by a far-sighted gentleman, one Mr. Jankyn Smyth way back in 1481, eleven years before Columbus discovered America.

"OLD MAN RIVER" By Capt. Louis Rosche

Mike Fink, "Last of the Keel-Boatmen" and "Terror of the Mississippi," a River Bully Who Used to Boast: "I'm a salt river roarer, I'm chuck full of fight, and I love the wimmin." A Print from Graham's Magazine, 1853. Courtesy of the New York Public Library.

A Peaceful Scene Along the Upper Mississippi, Showing an Early Steamboat and a Flatboat, the Kind of Boat Mike Fink Always Traveled on Down the River, Because the Flatboats Couldn't Go Up.

"The Jolly Flatboat Men" Who Spent Most of Their Time Dancing, Drinking, Gambling and Raising the Devil Wherever They Stopped. From the Original by G. C. Bingham.

By CAPTAIN LOUIS ROSCHE,
Formerly Captain of Many Famous Old Mississippi River Steamboats.

[illegible]

(Continued from Last Sunday)

CHAPTER V.

THOSE old-timers that navigated the flatboats and keelboats on the rivers before the steamboat days were a whole lot tougher outfit than the men on the old sidewheelers and sternwheelers that came later. I reckon they had to be. They were facing pirates going down river and highwaymen coming back along the trails and most any time might have to fight a bunch of murdering Indians besides.

Any man that picked out that way of making a living had lots of nerve and wasn't easy to scare. And among those old daredevils were some queer birds like Mike Fink who was a kind of playful wildcat.

When I was growing up I used to have a heap of fun listening to the old river men tell about some of the stunts Mike pulled. He was an A-Number-One boatman, strong as an ox, and I reckon he was about the best rifle shot on the river. Any boss boatman was mighty glad to have Mike in his crew because he sure was a handy fellow to have around when there was any fighting to be done.

One time he was working on a keelboat that had just picked up a load of freight at Louisville and was fixing to take it on down to New Orleans. At that time Louisville was nothing much but a rough and ready trading post, and out on the edge of the settlement there was a lot of no count Indians that had been kicked out of their own tribes. A little while before the boat was all set to shove off a bunch of them came aboard, letting on like they wanted to do some trading but really just nosing around to see if they couldn't pick up something while nobody was looking.

I reckon Mike knew Indians about as well as anybody, and he didn't have any use for them, good or bad, 'cept as targets. He'd rather bedevil them any day than eat. So right away he let out a war-whoop and commenced to jabbering at them, mixing up their lingo with his own kind of talk, telling them what a big brave he was and bragging about how many redskins he had scalped, just like the Indians did when they were getting themselves all worked up to go on the warpath.

It made them stomping mad for Mike to guy them like that, and about the maddest of them all was a good-for-nothing Cherokee everybody called Proud Joe. He was just a shiftless drunkard, but they called him Proud Joe because he stalked around with his chin up like he was the big chief of all creation. He sure was a filthy-looking sight, but there was one thing he always took good care of, and that was his scalp-lock, which was a little peak of hair tied up on top of his head and set off with a strip of wampum beads and a red feather.

Indians set a heap of store by their scalp-locks. Every brave had to have one, so if he got killed by an enemy, the winner of the fight would have something to hang on to while scalping him. But about the worst thing that could happen to an Indian was to lose his scalp-lock while he was still alive.

All at once Mike's eye lit on Proud Joe's scalp-lock, and quick as a flash he snatched out the feather and threw it overboard.

"That's the wrong color for you, you lily-livered varmint," he said. "What you need is a white feather."

Proud Joe was fit to be tied, but he just stood there gritting his teeth. Then Mike started prancing around, jerking the blankets off those Indians and jabbing them in the ribs. That was too much for them—they were just about frothing at the mouth. But it was either stay there and fight or get off the boat, so they skedaddled back to the shore with Proud Joe leading the way.

All the rest of them slunk away in the bushes but Proud Joe just stood there, high up on the bank glaring down at Mike like a mad bull on the other side of the fence. Mike laughed until he pretty nearly split open, and kept on hooting until Proud Joe turned his head to one side. That made his scalp-lock stand out against the sky like a pine cone, and it gave Mike a sudden notion.

"I ain't had me no good target in a long time," he said. "If I don't git me a little trigger practice pretty soon me and my rifle both is going to git rusty."

So grabbing up his gun, he drew a bead on Proud Joe, and before anybody could stop him he took a crack at that poor Cherokee. The Indian gave a jump straight up in the air and fell over on the ground face down, and there he lay, still as a log.

"Thunderation!" Mike said. "I shore must be gitting rusty. I didn't aim to kill him."

There must have been about fifty people that saw what happened, and nobody figured there was any sense to it—was just plain murder. Everybody started talking at the same time and pretty soon four or five men on the bank started toward the boat, and one of them shouted:

"Look here, you fire-eating galoot, you can't get away with that around here. That there Indian never done you no harm."

But Mike already had his rifle reloaded, and before they got to him he jumped overboard and struck out for the other shore, holding his gun way up over his head. They jumped into a skiff and started rowing after him but when they were about twenty yards away, Mike commenced to treading water with his feet, so he could get both hands on his rifle. When those men saw how he handled his gun in deep water they figured maybe that Indian wasn't such a big loss after all and turned back.

While all that was going on, somebody on shore started over to take a look at the dead Indian, but just before he got there Proud Joe raised up with a foolish look on his face and began feeling the top of his head. His scalp-lock was gone. The bullet had snipped it off as clean as a pair of scissors.

Everybody laughed so hard they just about bent double, and that made Proud Joe madder than ever. He grabbed his scalp-lock up from off the ground and shook his fist at the other side of the river. Then he stalked off into the bushes. Before the keelboat shoved off some of the crew rowed over to fetch Mike back and when they told him what happened he grunted:

"I shore am glad to hear that. It broke me all up when I thought I kilt that Indian. I figured I missed my aim—and I ain't never done that."

About a month later on the keelboat was tied up one night down in the Choctaw country near Natchez. Mike said the Choctaws were pretty good fighters and he was just itching to tie into them because he was getting as fat and lazy as a 'possum. But the others told him to lie down and quit bellowing or he might bring the whole tribe down on them before morning. Pretty soon everybody dozed off but they didn't sleep very long.

Mike Fink Shooting the Scalp-Lock From the Indian's Head. One of Mike's Typical Foolhardy Acts Which Later Brought Him a Lot of Trouble. Another Old Print From Graham's Magazine, 1853. Courtesy of the New York Public Library.

All at once a batch of Indians came tearing out of the bushes war-whooping and shooting as they came. At first it looked like the whole Choctaw nation was on the warpath but the moon was up and quick as the boatmen got their eyes wide open they saw there was just about a dozen of them. They stopped on the shore just long enough for all of them to take a shot at one of the boatmen, a tall fellow, who was the first to get his rifle up to his shoulder. They put so many bullets through him they just about made him into a sieve.

There wasn't any chance of holding them off with rifles. In next to no time they were jumping down the bank right onto the boat with their tomahawks and knives, and they sure were a terrible sight, in the moonlight, with their faces all painted up. From then on it was hand-to-hand fighting, with knives, and you can bet Mike was in the thick of it.

Mike tackled the leader, who was the biggest of the bunch, and pretty soon they were down on the deck. It was nip and tuck between them, first one on top and then the other. I reckon that was about the toughest fight Mike ever had, but at last he got a chance and stuck his knife right through that Indian's middle, pinning him down to the deck. Then Mike got up, puffing and blowing, and looked around for another one. But about that time the others figured they had had enough and lit out for the tall timber.

Mike was pretty badly slashed up, but he said they were just briar scratches, and then he lit up a pine knot to take a look at the redskin he had finished off. Soon as the light fell on that Indian's head Mike let out a snort:

"Well, bite out my gizzard," he said, "ef it ain't old Proud Joe."

And it was too. Proud Joe and his bunch had tramped close on to a thousand miles, through swamps and wilderness, waiting night after night for a chance to get back at Mike for shooting off that scalp-lock.

"Now, you kain't help admirin' that kind of keep-at-it," Mike said.

And you know what he did? Instead of tumbling Proud Joe's body into the river he got some of the other boatmen to help him tote it ashore, and there they dug a hole for it, alongside the grave of the fellow the Indians had shot full of holes, figuring he was Mike because he was the first to get his gun to his shoulder.

Any time Mike saw a good target he just couldn't help taking a crack at it. One time he was on a boat floating down the Mississippi and a little below Vicksburg they passed a field with some pigs in it. Right away Mike snatched up his rifle and shot off the tails of four or five of those pigs as the boat was drifting by, and everybody said that sure was good shooting. Another time he was coming into a landing when he saw a barefooted Negro boy sleeping on a bale of cotton with his face down. The boy had the funny kind of flat feet you see every once in a while on a Negro, the heels sticking way out in the back pretty nearly as far as the toes do in front. I reckon Mike figured they were about the ugliest feet ever he saw, and needed a little trimming up. Anyway, he hauled off and shot away one of the Negro's heels.

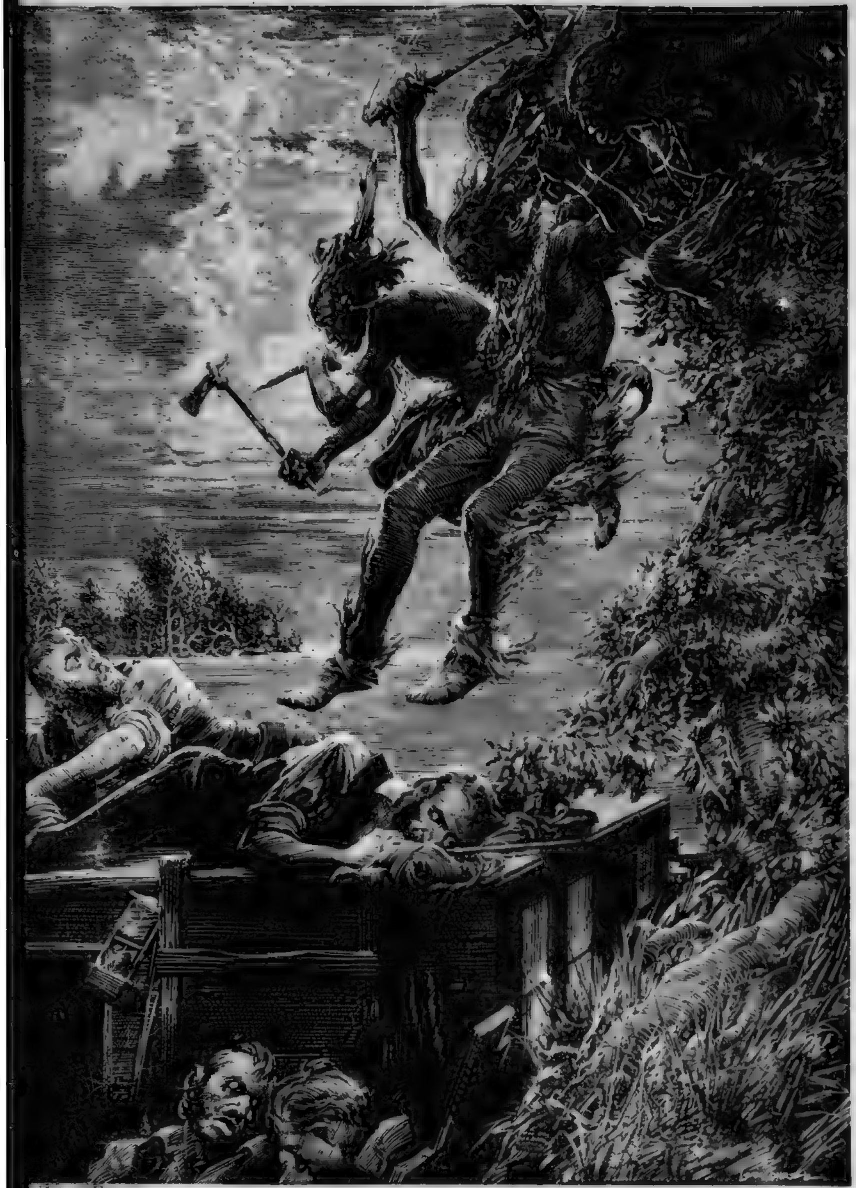
The Negro let out a squawk and commenced hopping around on his good foot like a one-legged chicken. A lot of folks came running to see what was the trouble, but as the boat came on up to the landing Mike reloaded and shot off the Negro's other heel. He could hit a moving target just about as easy as he could a still one. The man that owned the Negro raised such a rumpus over it they took Mike to court and made him pay for spoiling that slave, same as if it had been a mule. Mike said he didn't think they treated him right about that because all he aimed to do was fix that darky up so he could wear store-bought shoes.

When those old boatmen were making the long trip down the river they had to pick up fresh grub here and there. I don't reckon Mike would exactly steal anything, but if he could figure out a way to get it for nothing he would do that every time. One day he spotted a flock of fine looking sheep grazing on the shore. A short ways off was an eddy, so he tied the boat close to it. Then he went ashore with some bags of snuff and caught four or five sheep and smeared the snuff over their noses.

After he got back on the boat he sent another man up to the farmhouse to tell the fellow who

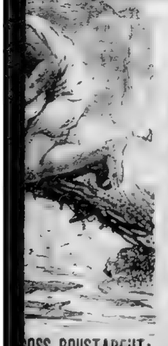
"'Take that, you lily-livered varm the boss roustabout, as he dangled swirling eddies." An Exciting ture Story in Beadle's Dime Nove Moke Horner; Was Mike F

Chapters From the Vanished Pageant of the Mississippi and Its Tributaries---Romantic, and Adventurous, the Heroines and Heroes, Bad Men and Bad Women Who Traveled the Historic Water-Road---Told by the Last of Its Old-Time Captains



"All at once a bunch of Indians came dropping down out of the bushes upon Mike's flatboat and its sleeping crew, war-whooping and shooting as they leaped, making it look like the whole Choctaw nation was on the warpath. They sure were a terrible sight, in the moonlight, with their faces all painted up. From then on it was a hand-to-hand fight, with knives, and you can bet Mike Fink was in the thick of it.

The Death of Mike Fink—From an Old Drawing



...OSS ROUSTABOUT;

...of the Overflow.

...N OF

...VER LIFE.

...nt!" cried Mike Horner, ...his victim over the river's ...lent From an Old Adven... Library. Whose Hero, ...nk in Real Life.

...wned those sheep he better hot foot it down to the field right away and see what was the matter with them. The sheep Mike had doctored up with that snuff were throwing conniption fits bleating fit to kill, bouncing around like rubber balls, and rubbing their noses on the ground and against each other.

"I be dad-blamed!" said the farmer. "What you reckon's got into 'em?"

Mike jumped ashore and after taking a look at the sheep he shook his head:

"I tell you what it is. It's the black murrain. All up the river the sheep's got it, and they're dying by the dozen."

The black murrain is a bad kind of sickness that hits sheep and cattle every once in a while, and it's mighty catching. So that farmer just about had his wits scared out of him.

"Ain't there no way to cure it?" he asked.

"No," replied Mike, "ain't a thing you can do but shoot the ones that's got it afore they give it to the others."

The whole flock was [illegible] and plunging around close together [illegible] out a groan.

"How's anybody going to shoot the sick ones without hitting the others too?"

"I reckon you don't know who I am," said Mike. "But my name's Mike Fink."

The farmer had heard of him, all right, and how he could shoot, so he asked Mike to get busy with his rifle right away. But Mike said he didn't reckon he ought to do it because later on it might turn out that the sheep didn't have the black murrain, and then the farmer might start raising Cain. The farmer kept on begging, and at last he ran up to the farmhouse and came back with a couple of jugs of corn liquor, and offered to give them to Mike if he would do it.

Mike let on like that was something he just couldn't turn down. He shot the sheep with snuff on their noses, easy as falling off a log, and heaved them into the eddy, which kept them from floating away. After dark he and the other boatmen fished them out and went on down the river.

Mike was very fond of telling funny stories and he expected to hear a laugh from anybody who listened to his jokes. If anybody dared not to laugh he was likely to get a hearty punch in the jaw, along with these words, "When I tell jokes I figure they ought to be laughed at."

Mr. Fink was fond of the ladies and had a sweetheart in most every town along the river. He used to say:

"I'm a salt river roarer. I'm chuck full of fight, and I love the wimmin."

On one trip down the river Mike had a woman who passed for his wife, but whether she was or not he aimed to make her behave like a good and faithful one. Quite a bunch of boats happened to pull into a landing near the mouth of the Muskingum. Ever [illegible] up until [illegible]. After [illegible] while Mike stepped [illegible] boat, [illegible] scraped [illegible] gather [illegible] of dried leaves [illegible] them [illegible] of [illegible] that was [illegible] to Mike [illegible] down [illegible] was [illegible] their [illegible] boat picked up his rifle and told his wife to come along.

"Get in there and lie down."

[illegible] said [illegible] "Get in there and lie down [illegible]." The frightened woman [illegible] Mike [illegible] over with the dry leaves. [illegible] and said he would [illegible]. The whole mass burst into flame [illegible] it as long as she could [illegible] for the river, her hair and dress [illegible]. As she jumped in and turned an agonized face toward Mike, he shouted:

"There, that will learn you not to be winkin' at the fellows on t'other boats."

Mike and a few thirsty men from his boat walked into a bar at the head of the landing and asked for whiskey. But, as they had no money to pay for it, the bartender shook his head. Mike put his rifle to his shoulder, fired a ball through a whiskey barrel and he and his friends held their tin cups as the liquor poured out of the bullet hole.

About the best chum Mike ever had was a young fellow named Carpenter, who was a sort of adopted son, and some folks figured he was Mike's real son. But I reckon nobody ever knew the truth about that. Carpenter was a crack shot, too. They used to practice shooting a tin cup of liquor off the top of each other's heads at about fifty yards, and they never missed.

But one time they both got to fooling around with the same woman, an Indian squaw, and they had a falling out about her. Being the youngest, Carpenter made off with the squaw, but pretty soon Mike followed him and offered to patch up the quarrel.

"Jest to show we ain't got no bad feelings about it," he said, "Le's us shoot a cup of liquor offen each other's haids, like we used to."

They flipped a coin to see who got the first shot and Mike won. Right away Carpenter figured he was done for, and he made a will leaving everything he owned to a friend of his named Talbot, who was [illegible]. The [illegible] up of whiskey [illegible] Mike [illegible] Mike [illegible].

[illegible] Mike [illegible] got [illegible].

[illegible] was [illegible].

[illegible] Mike [illegible] the [illegible].

[illegible] kill Mike [illegible] went to [illegible] Mike [illegible] raise it.

[illegible] another [illegible].

"[illegible]," Mike [illegible] back at [illegible]. "I [illegible] I raised him up from a little [illegible]. [illegible] my rifle [illegible]. I ain't never going to shoot at [illegible]."

"You're right," says Talbot, [illegible] him point blank and blowing [illegible] big holes in his chest. And that was the end of Mike Fink.

Another old [illegible] in the early days on the Mississippi was Major Elias Rector, who used to be United States Marshal of Arkansas Territory. I reckon he had about the finest head of hair of any of those old-timers. He didn't have any mustache or whiskers, but let his hair grow until it touched clean down to his waist. Mostly always he kept it tucked up under his hat with a comb, same as a woman. One time he got on a steamboat down at Natchez and when he took off his hat down came his hair. All the ladies were scandalized and told the captain to put them off at the next landing because they wouldn't ride on a boat with a woman dressed up like a man. But when the ladies found out the Major was a man, and a mighty good one, they changed their minds and everybody had a good laugh.

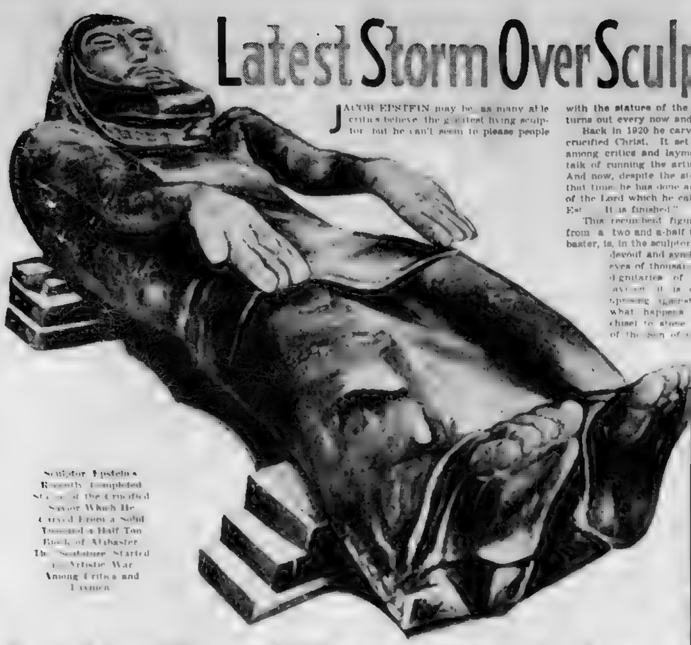
Another time Major Rector was in a dance hall down in New Orleans during Mardi Gras when a bunch of ruffians locked the doors, shot out the lights and lit into all the men. Right away the Major let his hair down and when the toughs came across him they figured he was a woman and let him out of the hall. In next to no time he came back with the police and that gang was thrown into jail.

Steamboats were mostly always painted white, but there used to be one, the Maria Dening, that was painted black, and they called her the ghost boat. One time an old boatman who was on the river long before I was born, told me why they called her that, and here's the story, just like I got it from him.

Before the War Between the States the cotton planters owned most of the negroes and kept them pretty busy. They would only rent them out to the

(Continued on Page [illegible])

Latest Storm Over Sculptor Epstein's Grotesque "Art"



Sculptor Epstein's Recently Completed Statue of the Crucified Saviour Which He Carved From a Solid Two-and-a-Half Ton Block of Alabaster. The Sculpture Started an Artistic War Among Critics and Laymen.

JACOB EPSTEIN may be, as many able critics believe, the greatest living sculptor, but he can't seem to please people with the statues of the Saviour which he turns out every now and then.

Back in 1920 he carved a figure of the crucified Christ. It set up such a furore among critics and laymen that there was talk of running the artist out of England. And now, despite the storm that broke at that time, he has done another huge statue of the Lord which he calls "Consummatum Est"—"It is finished."

This recumbent figure of Jesus, hewn from a two and a-half ton block of alabaster, is, in the sculptor's mind, "dignified, devout and symbolical." But in the eyes of thousands of artists, critics, dignitaries of the Church and laymen, it is cause for another uproar against Mr. Epstein and what happens when he touches chisel to stone to create his idea of the Son of God.

In the forefront of the ministers of the Church whose indignation was aroused by the grotesque work of art was an influential wearer of the cloth who said, "Mr. Epstein's latest effort is a lie. Any Christian with any respect for the traditional version of Christ must be shocked and offended by it. 'Consummatum Est,' like all of Epstein's figures of Christ, is repugnant."

A reporter for one of the leading British magazines attended the first showing of the statue and wrote: "Most of the spectators blinked, shifted their eyes and turned away, at a loss for what to say about the thing they saw."

Even the conservative London Times, which has many a good word to say for Mr. Epstein and his works, wrote, "It is a [illegible] thing done very [illegible]."

The commentator for another leading British magazine [illegible] the statue a "hopelessly besotted conception of Christ," but even he could not draw the fire of the creator of the sculpture.

Epstein himself, who is used to having a storm break about his head every time he is moved to [illegible] a religious work of art, took all the criticism with [illegible] and replied: "It is no use trying to get the right ideas into the heads of wrong-headed people. It was my original intention to let the statue go [illegible] of English cities, but I have [illegible]."

On the other side of the bitter controversy are several [illegible] painters and sculptors who stand behind Epstein and try to explain his works to the wrong-headed people of the British Isles. It is their contention that "Consummatum Est" would be given a place of [illegible] if it was viewed [illegible] as a work of art, not a [illegible] of the Lord.

The Huge and Ugly Feet of the Statue Which Has Become a Storm Center of Controversy. Epstein Called His Latest Figure of the Lord "Consummatum Est"—"It Is Finished"—and Some of the More Bitter Critics Intimated That the Title Would Do to Describe the State of the Sculptor's Career as a Creator of Religious Art.

Cut Her "Royal" Costume with an Axe

Miss Ada Craford, Oregon's "Queen of Pines" in the Costume She Cut With An Axe.

E[illegible] Queen of the [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] a dress to match her [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] With her sharp blade she [illegible] [illegible] sewing was needed, even though the costume was mostly of pitchy needles.

When she came back a changed woman it was with confidence. [illegible]

Killed Himself Like the Man He Was Railing About

HARRY WILEMAN [illegible] New Jersey [illegible] from which [illegible] [illegible]

Kiss Cost Her a Month in Jail

M[illegible] [illegible] against public [illegible] a kiss. [illegible]

[illegible] ask for the [illegible] a month in jail [illegible] at the end of her prison term [illegible]

Daniel in Tigers' Den

THE Daniel of this picture is [illegible] a keeper at the Whipsnade Zoo in England. He isn't afraid of his charges as yet. [illegible] before the harmless little cubs [illegible] beasts. It will be a year or more before [illegible] [illegible] That is his [illegible] about tigers [illegible] with the jungle cats [illegible]

The cubs look forward to his visits with an innocent pleasure, being not yet aware of the food value of zoo keepers. What makes them unique is the fact that they are [illegible] orphans. The keeper feeds them from the bottle, [illegible] with them, and in general tries to keep them from feeling the absence of their mother, who would not allow such goings-on. They look upon him as a friend.

She happens to be the famous Ranee, the Whipsnade tigress who loves to show off to the crowds. Apparently she feels herself above such things as offspring, so that Mr. Fielder—the man in the photograph—is the cubs' only playmate. At first, when the keeper tried to play with her litter, Ranee growled. But when she realized he meant them no harm, she decided he could take care of them adequately. Her interest in the cubs vanished and the husky "pups" turned to the keeper for their good times.

A Keeper at the Whipsnade, England, Zoo, Romping With Four 8-Weeks Old Tiger Cubs. Although He Enjoyed the Experience, He Felt, He Said, Something Like Daniel in the Lions' Den.

1st PRIZE $5,000

...for naming this cake!!

The Recipe for it is in the Sacks of **GOLD MEDAL** *Flour... Now!*

● The *FIRST* prize is *$5000!* Then there are *50 PRIZES* of *$50.00 EACH.* Then *500 PRIZES* of crisp, fresh, new *$1 BILLS!!* A total of $8000 in all in prizes, and 551 different awards!!!... And all you have to do is think up a good name for the cake at the right!!! ... *Get busy.* Enter this contest now.

Rules for the contest, and Entry Blank, are in this folder in the sacks of GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

READ ALL ABOUT THE CONTEST

What could you do with $5000? A new car—a trip to Europe—seeing your son or daughter through college... Name the cake. Win that $5000!

A TOTAL OF $8,000.00 IN 551 PRIZES !!

[● *A CHOCOLATE "ARABY" TYPE OF SPICE-CAKE. THE "NAMELESS" CAKE. We want a name for it! So just get the recipe folder above and bake the cake. It's a perfect "company" cake—a rich type of cake that all your family and friends will love. We are anxious for you to know how delicious it is when made with Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour ...*]

Purpose of contest:—*to introduce you to Betty Crocker's wonderful recipes and* GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* FLOUR

THINK OF IT! $5000 FOR NAMING A CAKE! A total of $8000 in prizes ... 551 prizes in all.

Have *you* ever made a cake with one of Betty Crocker's recipes—*and Gold Medal Flour?* The purpose of this contest is to introduce you to the recipes inside every sack of Gold Medal Flour—and to convince you that as fine cakes can be made with this flour as with any *"special"* cake flour.

To enter this contest just go to your store and get a sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* FLOUR. The recipe folder, containing the complete rules for entering the contest, is in every sack. The recipe folder also contains an Entry Blank which you will need to enter the contest.

Then bake the cake. See if it isn't the most delicious cake you ever tasted. See how easy it is to bake and how economical. *Then think of a name for it—win your share of $8000.00!*

Importance of Flour in Baking

In a recent survey among home economists all over the country, they declared that flour is responsible for a high percentage of baking failures. So many cheap flours *vary* in results ... it is important to use a flour which does *not!*

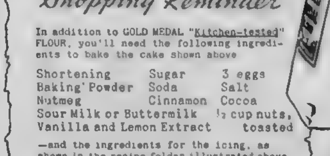
Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour is used by more women than any other brand! It is made by millers with the largest aggregate experience in the business—then it is tested out by Betty Crocker and her staff of assistants for the best results in making cakes, pies, breads—everything. It *can't* fail when used in connection with Betty Crocker's recipes!

1
WHY, ELEANOR, THIS CAKE IS MARVELOUS! WHAT IS THE NAME OF IT?
WELL... SO FAR IT HASN'T A NAME! THE 'GOLD MEDAL' PEOPLE ARE OFFERING $8 000 FOR NAMES!
2
...SAY, IM GOING TO GET A SACK OF GOLD MEDAL AND MAKE THAT CAKE RIGHT AWAY! YOU SAY THE RECIPE IS IN THE SACK?
YES...AND SUGGESTIONS FOR WINNING THE PRIZES...
3
IT'S SO EASY TO MAKE! I'M CERTAINLY GLAD ELEANOR TOLD ME ABOUT BETTY CROCKER'S RECIPES AND GOLD MEDAL FLOUR...!
IS IT GOING TO BE GOOD, MUMMY?

Enter Betty Crocker's Contest and name her "NAMELESS" CAKE. You can submit as many names as you wish, provided each is written on a separate entry blank from a sack of Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. *Contest closes March 31, 1938.*

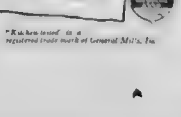
Don't miss this chance. Think what you could do with the prize money. Bake the cake and sharpen your pencil. *Ask your husband and friends for suggested names!*

You'll be delighted with discovering the satisfaction of Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour—and Betty Crocker's recipes. Get a sack of this wonderful flour today.


4
BOY, THIS CAKE IS THE BEST EVER!... DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SUCH A GOOD COOK.
IT'S THE "PRIZE-CONTEST" CAKE TOLD ABOUT IN THE SACKS OF GOLD MEDAL FLOUR. CAN YOU THINK OF A NAME FOR IT, DARLING? I WANT TO WIN THAT $5,000 FIRST PRIZE!

Millions will discover in this contest the advantages of using Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. They'll find it makes better cakes, pastry, rolls, etc. Try it ... You can get it at all grocers'.

Eventually
Why Not Now?



Shopping Reminder

In addition to GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" FLOUR, you'll need the following ingredients to bake the cake shown above

Shortening
Baking Powder
Nutmeg
Sour Milk or Buttermilk
Vanilla and Lemon Extract
Sugar
Soda
Cinnamon
3 eggs
Salt
Cocoa
½ cup nuts, toasted

—and the ingredients for the icing, as shown in the recipe folder illustrated above.

"Kitchen-tested" is a registered trade mark of General Mills, Inc.

Each batch of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour is tested out in Betty Crocker's Kitchen under her supervision. *Any batch failing to come up to her standards is not packed.* At the right you see some of the steps in this testing process ... designed to give you good baking results.

FIRST, each batch of flour is made into a cake or another form of baking—and then carefully numbered.

THEN, the test bakings are baked together in a home-type oven. A "home" style of recipe is used.

FINALLY, each cake or other baking is judged in accordance with the most rigid scientific baking standards.

[illegible] General Mills, Inc.

THE NAMES OF THE MAJOR WINNERS IN THIS GENERAL MILLS CONTEST WILL BE ANNOUNCED AT A LATER DATE IN THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

"EMPIRES OF THE MOON" Dramatized from Old Records By H. BEDFORD-JONES

Gabrielle d'Estrees, Who Was the Favorite of Henry IV Before She Died and Was Succeeded by Henriette.

Henry of Navarre, King of France, Making His Triumphal Entrance Into Paris in 1594 After Many Years of Struggle

(Continued from Page 6)

Far [illegible] she [illegible] have known it. Something in those pale glittering blue eyes [illegible] a shiver through her. However, she [illegible] turned abruptly and [illegible]. Beauvois met the two at the door. The curtain fell, and Henriette swung around [illegible] Auvergne.

"Who is he?"

"You'll know [illegible] my dear. Let's [illegible]. Give me that [illegible] marriage you hold from Henry. It goes direct to Rome; upon the strength of this document Henry's present marriage will be annulled. You become the queen; your child becomes the Dauphin of France. Ha! The [illegible] does it?"

Her eyes were wide, staring. "You can't do that—"

"No. The Prince of Sedan, Guise, the Prince of Conti have arranged all. Your son will be proclaimed king. [illegible] are waiting [illegible] take that marriage contract to Rome. [illegible] Refuse [illegible] can't [illegible]."

"My son king!" she stammered. "And King Henry?"

"Dies in three more days, on Saturday night," Auvergne said [illegible]. "Tomorrow send him an invitation to attend a private masque here, in your house, on Saturday evening. And mind! If any warning of any sort should reach him, your little brat dies. Whether you warn him or not, you pay for it. Yes or no? I must let Sedan know at once."

"Sedan? He hasn't dared appear [illegible] for years."

Auvergne [illegible]. "He's here now. You'll see him tomorrow night."

Silence fell, broken only by the crackling flames in the fireplace. [illegible] in a sort of frozen horror. Not at the plot, for plots were [illegible], but at her share in it. She was to trap Henry and bring him here to death. Henry the Great, the White-Plumed Knight, the [illegible] gentleman, the ever-young gallant, was to be slain under this roof. He would come at her bidding, yes. He would come alone [illegible] rendezvous with love, as he had twice stolen through an army to visit her—and he would die.

Auvergne's [illegible] speaking so [illegible] her, for she knew [illegible]

[illegible]

The plot enlarged [illegible] upon [illegible] Auvergne [illegible] and warmed himself.

"You're being well [illegible]" [illegible] Henriette. "Tomorrow [illegible] rehearsal for the [illegible]. Next night, Saturday night, the masque itself. You're [illegible] Warn Henry of Sedan or anyone you like [illegible] a message [illegible] and [illegible] Beauvois knows his own life is at stake, and he's a sure hand. Also, when we win, he [illegible]. You can't [illegible] bribe him or seduce him. [illegible] which thought, dear sister, I take leave of you. First, if you please, get me the document."

She obeyed in stunned silence.

He bowed mockingly and departed.

TO HENRIETTE that night was helpless terror. The next day was futile anguish. Beauvois came and demanded the invitation to Henry. She wrote it with shaking hand and chilled heart.

"You cannot seduce him." The words lingered, touched a spark in her brain. Not seduce him—she, who could seduce a king?

When she visited the child that afternoon, Beauvois was there; the nurse was there. She sent the nurse away. She knew every art, every [illegible]. Beauvois passed from astonishment to [illegible]. She had him [illegible] triumph redoubled her beauty. When she pressed his hand and [illegible] with [illegible] tonight upon [illegible] a promise, she was [illegible] herself once more [illegible] exultation in her heart. She was fighting now.

The stranger [illegible] man with the red beard [illegible] left his room [illegible]. Henriette had almost forgotten [illegible].

That afternoon [illegible] work in the [illegible] second floor [illegible] ranging [illegible] Auvergne [illegible] directing the [illegible]. Henriette went riding [illegible] Hatred of that [illegible] man choked her.

[illegible]

[illegible] ning near. She [illegible] at the door. [illegible] voice [illegible]. It was [illegible] had come [illegible]

The stage [illegible] raised. Look [illegible] half the [illegible] than half [illegible] the word. He [illegible] the knife taken [illegible]. His heart should be [illegible] however.

[illegible] King of France [illegible]

[illegible] struck weakly. [illegible] part [illegible] of the masque tonight—a rascally fellow who deserves to die. A rehearsal, Madame."

"Oh!" Remembering the dialogue, she shivered slightly. A rehearsal of assassination, with a victim provided. Then she turned to Beauvois and smiled. He dropped his scissors and came to her, his dark face alight. She [illegible] and [illegible] he took her in his arms. She laughed a little as he kissed her.

[illegible]

What to [illegible]

[illegible] and estate [illegible] and was [illegible]

"So that's [illegible]" [illegible] arms, he froze.

"You, she [illegible] much. You mean to [illegible] after [illegible] bean for Auvergne. [illegible] he ought to take [illegible] of the house [illegible] away from you."

She had said [illegible]. The realization [illegible] as a flash her [illegible] changed. Her hand [illegible] the [illegible] from her [illegible]. It was at his back, piercing through the velvet [illegible] the

(Continued on Page 17)

SECOND HONEYMOON
Ten Years Married!

HAPPY [illegible] whose [illegible] after ten years of [illegible] She has kept [illegible] she [illegible] with [illegible]

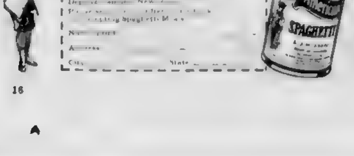
One of the things [illegible] your housekeeping [illegible] is Franco-American Spaghetti. This delicious spaghetti is all ready to heat and serve [illegible] a [illegible] love it, and it's a great comfort in these days of high food prices to know that it costs only 3 cents a portion.

Give the children Franco-American [illegible] lunch with milk and fruit. Other days for dinner serve Franco-American as a [illegible] that tastes like [illegible] a French chef. Franco-American [illegible] wonderful with other foods because of its delicious, savory [illegible] cheddar cheese and tomato sauce.

Franco-American is entirely different from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Get some [illegible] at your grocer's. Your husband will say you're a fine cook [illegible] have pep enough left for the movies, too!

Franco-American
SPAGHETTI

The kind with the Extra Good Sauce. Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups



FREE

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.
[illegible]
Name
Address
City State

THANKS, DORIS— THAT SURE RELIEVES A HEAD COLD FAST NOW I CAN BREATHE
AND WHAT'S MORE, IT HELPS PREVENT A LOT OF COLDS IF YOU USE IT SOON ENOUGH

ONE [illegible] Vicks Va-tro-nol relieves [illegible] of head cold. But what [illegible] your [illegible] of colds in the [illegible] stages.

[illegible]

the nasal passages and helps Nature to fight off the cold.

Clears Stuffed-up Heads [illegible] reduces swollen membranes, helps keep the sinuses open [illegible] you *breathe* again.

And Va-tro-nol is so [illegible]

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

KEEP IT HANDY—USE IT EARLY

Don't neglect DAINTINESS—the charm that wins

DON'T RISK OFFENDING AGAINST DAINTINESS. WITHOUT IT NO OTHER CHARM COUNTS
ANDREA LEEDS
SAMUEL GOLDWYN STAR
WHEN YOU USE LUX TOILET SOAP AS A BEAUTY BATH ACTIVE LATHER MAKES YOU SURE OF DAINTINESS
LEAVES YOUR SKIN REALLY FRESH AND SWEET, DELICATELY FRAGRANT. YOU'LL LOVE THIS LUXURIOUS BATH. TRY IT
LUX TOILET SOAP

HERE you see Andrea Leeds as she looks in her own Hollywood bathroom, where she uses her complexion soap as a *bath* soap, too. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather protects the daintiness that is so essential to charm. Clever girls everywhere follow the screen stars' advice—keep skin smooth, fresh—*fragrant*—with Lux Toilet Soap.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

No. 6 — THE KING OF THE WORLD

Henry IV on His Charger at the Battle of Ivry

(Continued from Page 16)

skin and flesh. He started violently. [illegible]

[illegible] eyes [illegible] with [illegible] his neck [illegible] that cup [illegible] home.

An oath [illegible] escaped him. He [illegible] from the back of [illegible] took up the [illegible]. Standing as they were the silver [illegible] false notion [illegible] drive it home. And the loathing, the hatred that blazed in her face inspired him with [illegible] terror.

[illegible] she [illegible] you might have [illegible] I [illegible] the [illegible].

He [illegible] clutching for his hands [illegible].

She [illegible] he staggered a little [illegible] heavy. Then [illegible] she stepped away and [illegible] on the couch [illegible] groaned once or twice and relapsed into heavy drugged breathing.

She fell to work. [illegible] She stripped the two men and exchanged their garments. She bound the mask on the face of Beauvais, hiding it. The other man she dragged across the floor, then, gasping with effort, [illegible] the inert body out of sight under the bed.

IN THE great [illegible] of the Marquise de Verneuil lights glittered that evening. Carriages arrived in the courtyard, disgorged their passengers, rolled away. Masked shapes entered, gentlemen in robes and jeweled orders, ladies aglitter with gems.

At one end of the [illegible] was erected a throne-chair on a dais. In the antechamber Henriette [illegible] her guests [illegible]. The Prince of Sedan [illegible] the order of St. Michael at his throat. The Duc de [illegible] the Order of the Saint Esprit blazing over his heart. [illegible] Auvergne, her half-brother, of the blood royal.

Ladies greeted her. Some of them real, whom she knew well, others not. [illegible] dame or courtesan, [illegible] were masked. As she stood she heard Sedan behind her speak to Auvergne in his heavy German accent:

"Where is Beauvais? [illegible]"

[illegible]

"Your Majesty, fresh [illegible] have arrived. The [illegible] of [illegible] King of the World."

"Where is he?" spoke the [illegible]. "Where's the [illegible]?"

Auvergne pinched Henriette sharply, [illegible] her attention from the antechamber.

"Speak your [illegible]," he [illegible]. "[illegible] the throne [illegible]."

She obeyed, flung her arms [illegible] the [illegible] figure in the throne. A frightful [illegible] was coming to her.

"Your Majesty, I [illegible] the King of the World, King of [illegible]."

The [illegible] bearded [illegible] strode into the room [illegible] bowed to [illegible] King of the World [illegible]. Without bowing he strode forward, staring at the figure on the throne.

"[illegible]! You refuse allegiance!" he cried in a shrill furious voice. Then he leaped without warning as a dog leaps. Steel flashed in his hand. His dagger ripped into the limp masked figure again and again. Blood spurted. A shriek arose, a chorus of cries. Henriette, with a new moan of comprehension and anguish, pitched over in a dead faint.

When she opened her eyes she was in a chair at one side. Auvergne was chafing her hands. [illegible] stood close by and she caught his voice.

"Excellent! [illegible] the same [illegible]."

[illegible]

"Yes, yes," [illegible] Auvergne. "What of it?"

[illegible]

ror. Henriette flung herself on her knees before them, begging, pleading, promising anything. She was lashed to the very soul by this threat, and Auvergne eyed her with malicious satisfaction.

"We can't believe a word she says; make sure of her by this means, eh, Sedan?"

The Prince of Sedan regarded the weeping, sobbing woman with haughty [illegible].

"Agreed. [illegible] Queen of France. [illegible]"

[illegible] that night.

STILL [illegible]

[illegible]

and she departed to wring her hands in the dusk. Even if she stabbed the poor [illegible] would still be lost. She could do nothing. She was [illegible].

When a woman realizes this fact she becomes dangerous.

Auvergne and Sedan arrived [illegible] servants were [illegible] in the courtyard. Henriette greeted them [illegible].

[illegible]

(Continued on Page 20)

STOUT WOMEN
your name please!
This STYLE BOOK sent FREE

Lane Bryant
Dept. 42, 39th Street at Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

Two OTHER Free Books

[illegible]

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Fight Acid

WHEN YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH!

[illegible]

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ACID-NEUTRALIZING Dental Cream

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

New Advances in Using the Dead to Repair the Living

(Continued from Page 5)

had experienced while alive and from which he or she had recovered. The blood in question then could be listed as typhoid blood or streptococcus blood or by whatever other disease it had encountered successfully in the past. Such experienced or educated blood then could be used for treating victims of these [illegible] diseases.

In time stocks or deposits of blood suitable for almost every purpose could be built up like those of ordinary blood already accumulated in the [illegible] bank at Chicago. Healthy patients discharged from the hospital now can make deposits of blood for use by later patients.

A person expecting to have a surgical operation which can be done at any time can deposit some of his own blood in advance for use in case the operation goes wrong and a [illegible] transfusion becomes necessary.

Expectant mothers are especially urged to provide in this way, in advance a reserve deposit of blood should this turn out to be necessary. In a few diseases, physicians still practice blood letting, the old-fashioned procedure of drawing off some of the blood, often quite healthy, of which that particular person has an excess. Instead of being thrown away this blood also can be deposited in the bank for later use by anyone who needs it.

At present there is a time limit on such deposits so that blood kept more than a certain number of weeks must be discarded. It seems likely, however, that as more and more is learned about the way that blood corpuscles can be kept alive by cold, by proper food materials or in other ways the time that blood can be stored safely will become longer and longer.

In the present war in Spain it is reported that doctors are collecting thousands of pints of blood from non-combatants behind the lines, most of it from healthy young women, and are sending "war tax" of living blood to the front lines, for injection into wounded soldiers. At present, only blood from living people is used, just as this is the only kind now accepted for deposit at the Chicago bank. The Russian experiments on corpse blood seem so convincing and useful that use and storage of corpse blood is likely soon to be done everywhere.

The idea of storing human livers or other organs is newer and still not beyond a strictly experimental stage as the blood work was when Professor Shamov carried out his experiments. It was reported a few days ago in [illegible] by Dr. George S. Sperti, [illegible] director of the Institution Divi Thomae, [illegible] institution for scientific research sponsored by the Catholic Church. With several of his scientific associates Dr. Sperti already has perfected a new way of treating skin burns by use of chemicals [illegible] yeast [illegible] the yeast used to [illegible].

[illegible]

The Blood for the Hospital Blood Banks is First Tested and Labeled to Indicate Its Type and Then the Containers Are Filed Away in the Refrigeration Plants. Added Chemicals Prevent Coagulation

[illegible]

there is no reason for this, since nothing of the owner's sexual or other characteristics, except certain kinds of disease, is transmitted by the blood. The new blood soon disappears anyway and is replaced by blood manufactured in the body that has received it, the duty of the blood transfusion being merely to tide over some emergency in which blood is lacking or the ailing body cannot make it fast enough.

Whatever might be true of eyes or livers, Professor Shamov reports that most of the prejudices against corpse blood depend on the ancient myth that personality is carried somehow or other by the blood. These ideas are still enshrined in such phrases as "blood is thicker than water," "there is bad blood between them," and so on. Actually if anything like this were true a person's character and personality would change every six or seven weeks since the blood corpuscles and all other blood constituents change about that often, if not oftener, being replaced by new supplies which the body manufactures.

[illegible]

Queer Cargoes of the Air

W[illegible]

[illegible]

The largest piece of air freight [illegible] was a 400-pound, seven-foot crankshaft for the engine [illegible] in the mountains of [illegible] in Peru on the South American west coast [illegible] pieces of machinery weighing 4,200 pounds each and [illegible] the Andes Mountains. [illegible]

A [illegible] false teeth was the smallest piece of [illegible] freight the [illegible] ever carried. Its owner forgot it [illegible] in Nassau, [illegible] Bahamas. A [illegible] brought it to Miami on the next plane and the anxious owner was at the airport awaiting it.

Another [illegible] passenger [illegible]

[illegible]

A surgeon in Yucatan, Mexico, performed an operation. The disease baffled him. A laboratory in New York was probably the only place where he could get an expert analysis and answer to the unusual case. He took from the patient's [illegible] a sample of the diseased [illegible] tissue, sent it in a glass tube by air express. It [illegible] to Havana and Miami by [illegible] to New York that night. Next morning by [illegible] came the report. The doctor knew how to proceed. He went on with his strange case and saved the patient's life. The cost of the [illegible] shipment by air was only $2.74 [illegible] the speed and certainty of international air express.

Many lives often depend on Uncle Sam's planes flying to the West Indies, Central and South America. [illegible]

[illegible]

Baby chicks by thousands have flown from Florida to parts of the Spanish Main, not by their own power but in special Baby Chick [illegible] under the [illegible] wings of [illegible] ships. More than a [illegible] have been safely shipped [illegible].

Youth Tops In Sports

MATHEMATICIANS juggling with curves and figures came to the conclusion that success in sports, if it comes at all, is generally achieved before the age of thirty.

Among the maze of figures these scientists have found, for instance, that champion hockey players are at their best between 25 and 29. And most motor car races are won by people between the same ages. Slightly lower is the age of famous tennis players, the "success" age being between 22 and 26.

Heavyweight boxers are most likely to gain world championship at 29. The age average drops down the line of the lighter classes, reaching the age of 24 for bantam weights.

The figures are in the same neighborhood for all sports except billiards and golf. Although billiard championships are most likely to be won between the ages of 25 to 29, the records for billiards are set up by players between 30 and 34 years of age. The same curious difference occurs in golf. Amateur golfers are successful from 25 to 29, but professional golf championships are usually won by men 30 to 34 years old.

A SOUNDER FOUNDATION FOR INTESTINAL HEALTH

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Quick, Dependable RELIEF

MINOR SKIN INJURIES

For the itching from eczema, or simple rash—for that blistered or chafed spot, minor burn or scraped skin, use soothing Resinol Ointment. Its oiliness and special medication brings comfort, and aids healing. Use Resinol Soap, too, for refreshing cleansing. For guest size cake Resinol Soap and sample Ointment, send 10¢ to Resinol, Dept. X 21, Balto., Md.

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"HEAVY DATE TONIGHT— and my eyes are so tired I could scream!"

GET SOME MURINE MARY—YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW IT REFRESHES TIRED EYES!
Use cleansing, soothing Murine for tired burning, uncomfortable eyes
Ingredients printed on package

MARY TOOK JANET'S TIP ... AND LATER THAT EVENING

For tired "office eyes" try Murine

Makes eyes feel clean, fresh, alive!

Do your eyes feel tired, abused after a day of close work at the office? Try cleansing your eyes regularly with Murine. Just a couple of drops. So soothing, so delightfully cooling to hot, tired, delicate membranes.

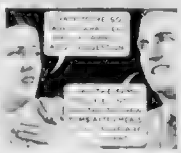
Murine removes [illegible] and grit gently yet thoroughly. Murine is *alkaline* like the tears. Used twice daily it safely aids Nature in keeping your eyes clean and fresh and comfortable. For generous size trial bottle send 10c, with your name and address, to The Murine Co., Dept. AW-26, Chicago, Illinois.

Easy to apply! Just drop Murine [illegible]. No bother with old fashioned "washes" or messy eye cups.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES Cleanses Soothes!

DEAR ME! HOW CAN I BANDAGE JUNIOR'S CUT ELBOW AND NOT HAVE THE BANDAGE COME OFF?
STICK ON A BAND-AID — THE NEAT, READY-TO-APPLY BANDAGE

Johnson & Johnson BAND-AID ADHESIVE BANDAGES



WELCOME RELIEF QUICK FROM ACID INDIGESTION

[illegible]

TUMS 10¢ STOMACH DISTRESS

Painful BUNIONS Helped Quickly!

[illegible] Entirely harmless. Used on over 2,000,000 feet since 1897.

FREE PROOF!

Write for free trial treatment.

Fairyfoot Products Co.
1223 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago Dept. 1137

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

[illegible] don't waste money on substitutes [illegible]

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STOP PAIN INSTANTLY

Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Sore Toes

No waiting for results when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They give instant relief, stop shoe pressure on the painful spot, soothe and heal. Prevent corns, sore toes and blisters, ease new or tight shoes. Used with the separate Medicated Disks, included in every box, your corns or callouses lift out. No other method does all three things for you! Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere. Get a box today.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

"OLD MAN RIVER"

By Capt. Louis Rosche

Mike Fink Was a Crack Shot and His Favorite Feat Was to Place a Tin Cup Full of Whiskey on Carpenter's Head and Shoot at It One Day He Missed His Aim and Shot His Adopted Son Right Through the Forehead

(Continued from Double Page)

[illegible] after the [illegible] was [illegible] and there wasn't anything for them to do [illegible] until it was ready to be picked. So the roustabouts in those days were mostly white men, foreigners of some sort or another who had just come over. Some folks didn't like it because so many foreigners were coming over here. They formed themselves into bands called "Know Nothings," aiming to get rid of the foreigners and they weren't particular about how they did it either.

The Maria Denning [illegible] officers were Know Nothings. These Know Nothing officers didn't have any use for the foreign white roustabouts and one day they cooked up a scheme to get rid of them.

Every once in a while a stern wheeler like the Maria Denning would fetch up on what we called dead-center. The two big [illegible]

[illegible] It was the job of the roustabouts to do that and to get at the wheel they had to climb inside the bucket [illegible] that covered it.

When the Know Nothings had their scheme all figured out the [illegible]

[illegible] at. Then he ordered those poor foreigners to climb inside the bucket and shove the wheel around. Just as they were in there tugging at the paddle wheel the pilot gave a blast on the whistle for full steam and the engineer threw the throttle wide open. The paddle wheel commenced churning around and those roustabouts were caught just like they were in a great big sausage [illegible]. They screamed and yelled but not very long. The wheel chopped them into pieces and threw them out in every direction, arms, legs, heads and half a body at a time.

Nothing was ever done about it. The Know Nothing officers just said they got the signals mixed up. But ever after that the Maria Denning was called the Ghost Boat and some folks swore you could hear those roustabouts screaming most any dark night or see a shining hand or leg go sailing away from the paddle wheel like shooting stars. And the Ghost Boat didn't carry many passengers after that but mostly just freight because not many people would ride on her.

About the best steamboat captain ever I worked for before I got a boat of my own was Captain David Silvers of the Susie Silvers. He was a quiet spoken, easy going man [illegible] everybody [illegible] but he sure was a [illegible] when he got his [illegible] [illegible] when I was his [illegible] I saw a sign just below Shreveport offering wood for $1.50 a cord. That was a bargain because the regular price was around $2.50 a cord. The captain [illegible]

[illegible]

"I don't care what that sign says you're going to pay me two and a half for it or I fetch the sheriff."

[illegible] than [illegible] and I had better use for [illegible] than that so I shouted.

"Stop loading."

I must have shouted right loud because the next thing I knew Captain Silvers stuck his head out of his cabin and said:

"What's going on here?"

While I was telling him how matters stood he listened with a sort of sad [illegible] look on his face like a father that [illegible] to take his son out to the woodshed for a licking. When I finished he looked at the sheriff.

"Come aboard," he said, "and let's talk this over."

[illegible] head.

"Captain," he said, "I shore would hate to make you start [illegible]"

[illegible]

I gave the order [illegible] the sheriff started his horse around and rode away. We never heard anything from [illegible]

[illegible] hundreds of miles with hardly a settlement but the boats burned wood fast and we had to keep stopping to take on more.

Captain Thayer had his stern wheeler tied up one time at a lonely woodyard on the upper Missouri and his roustabouts were right in the midst of toting on the wood when a bunch of war-whooping savages broke out of the bushes. The woodcutters [illegible] for the stockade [illegible] the big log gate. The [illegible] on the whistle cord and soon as the black roustabouts saw them [illegible] [illegible] tomahawks they dropped the [illegible] They thought everybody was [illegible] were flying over the deck and everybody had to duck down behind the rail.

[illegible]

[illegible] at once Chief Porcupine got up and grabbed an Indian boy about eight years old. Before anybody could stop him the Chief pitched the little shaver head first into the river. One of the crew was about to jump overboard to save the boy but the Chief pulled him back.

"Teach um papoose swim," he grunted. "Him swim or sink."

The little fellow went under but pretty soon he came up floundering around and took a few strokes. The Chief grunted:

"Now him can swim."

Then he dived overboard and swam out to the youngster, bringing him back to the boat tucked under one arm. We all figured it was a pretty tough kind of swimming lesson but we got used to watching it because all the rest of the trip the Chief kept throwing first one Indian boy and then another into the river and then jumping over after them.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

Paid Trips Abroad and $200 for Smuggling Fortunes in Gems

(Continued from Page 7)

[illegible]

U. S. District Attorney Lamar Hardy assigned two assistants, Mr. Murphy and David L. Marks to the case and they soon figured out that Bess meant a carrier and that helped them [illegible] various [illegible] about the weather and having a pleasant crossing. From back reports they learned the names of gang members who had been sending huge shipments of [illegible] in Antwerp [illegible]

[illegible]

But Gussie [illegible] he said he was very sorry but he must take up her passport and send it to his government the American consul.

That was when Queen Gussie finally abdicated and sent her doleful message that she was coming home to face the music. And no doubt it will be mighty sad music to Gussie, the far from soothing voice of an unemotional judge sentencing her to prison at last. But it should sound sweet to the customs agents who have been harassed so long by her [illegible]

COUGHS...

Get After that Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky irritating phlegm.

PERTUSSIN

The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

Stop *that* Scratching

RELIEVE ITCHING *In One Minute*

D.D.D. *Prescription*

HEARING AID

FOR THE DEAFENED

RADIOEAR

NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT!

HOLDS FALSE TEETH LONGER

Staze holds loosest teeth firm up to [illegible] your druggist today. Made by the makers of [illegible] Money back [illegible] write The Phillips & Benjamin Co. Dept. AW Waterbury Connecticut

STAZE HOLDS FALSE TEETH FIRM

OWN A ROYAL PORTABLE ON YOUR OWN TERMS!

FREE HOME TRIAL *for every member of the family!* Without risking a [illegible] correspondence easier.

ONLY A FEW CENTS A DAY!

SEE [illegible] Then own it on your own terms—cash or only a few cents a day. [illegible]

READ WHAT ROYAL GIVES YOU [illegible]

FREE! No extra cost. Handsome durable all weather triple convertible Carrying Case.

FREE! Latest Invention. Royal's Instant Typing Chart shows you how to type.

ACT NOW!

SEND NO MONEY

Say "LUDEN'S" THEY NOW CONTAIN AN ALKALINE FACTOR

Building up your *alkaline reserve* helps you to resist colds.

...all night Job?

Guard your Freshness with a Cigarette that's always *FRESH*

UNDER pressure, most of us smoke a lot. That's just when cigarette *freshness* counts the most! For a *stale* cigarette makes a stale smoker. Stale tobacco burns hot, tastes flat, and it is definitely irritating.

FRESHNESS is *guaranteed* to you in Old Golds by the special way in which they're packed. Every package is *double-sealed*, made *completely weather-tight* by an EXTRA jacket of Cellophane.

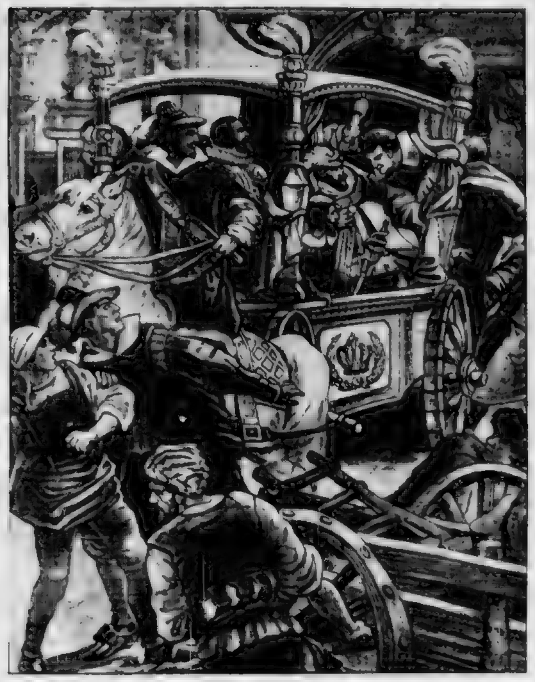
Be selective about your cigarettes. Since George Washington's day, the makers of Old Golds have been famous for fine tobacco quality. In Old Golds you get not only the finest prize crop tobacco, but you get it *factory-fresh*, in any climate, anywhere.

Outer Cellophane Jacket Opens From the Bottom, sealing the Top
Old Gold CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
The Inner Jacket Opens At the Top, sealing the Bottom

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops every Tues. and Thurs. night Columbia Network, coast to coast

For finer *FRESHER* Flavor... Smoke Double-Mellow OLD GOLDS

"EMPIRES OF THE MOON" Dramatized from Old Records By H. BEDFORD-JONES



The Later Attempt to Assassinate Henry the Great, Made by Ravaillac, in 1610. This Conspiracy Succeeded

Marie de Medici, Wife of Henry and Queen of France

A Caricature of Henry IV, Who Had Been Called the Ugliest Man in France

(Continued from Page 17)

a gentleman at his s[illegible] every instant, and [illegible] if he makes one suspicious move.'

Sedan was delighted with this [illegible] crude idea, [illegible] the [illegible] question and gave the [illegible] who spoke no French whatever. Henriette turned pale as she listened. Then, taking [illegible] arm, she urged him into a small room across from the antechamber and the [illegible]. This was a [illegible] room [illegible] with the walls [illegible] bare except for a huge portrait of the king that was set in the end wall, a portrait reaching almost from the floor to the ceiling.

"You've given me an idea," she said, pressing his arm. "Suppose you had the baby brought in here? It could be done in two minutes. Then, if Henry does [illegible] I can [illegible] the child and then take him to the salon. There'll be no danger of [illegible] any [illegible], you see."

The Prince of Sedan vowed it was an excellent idea and did not hesitate to assume the credit for it. He was not aware, naturally, that Henry had made a gift of this house to the Marquise and that certain arrangements had been installed for their mutual convenience. No one knew of those arrangements, in fact, except the two persons concerned.

"But," added Sedan, "I'll have my man ready with his dagger drawn. Auvergne! Here, man, here! It's important as the devil. The others are arriving now—"

Auvergne, watching Henriette sharply, listened and assented.

His face [illegible]. She had [illegible] even him [illegible] was now completely in [illegible] with them. He ordered the [illegible] brought to the [illegible] room with the child in [illegible] the [illegible]. The baby was asleep and he moved back [illegible] nurse.

[illegible] a [illegible] to Sedan. [illegible] sure to see that this woman [illegible] nurse and [illegible] suspect [illegible].

Already the guests were arriving. Henriette [illegible] them [illegible]. She was [illegible] that there was a [illegible] of steel in her hair and before her [illegible] was [illegible]. That [illegible], obeying his master with [illegible] might yet trip up all her [illegible]. He was a straight [illegible] man [illegible] [illegible].

Tonight the guests were masks, but [illegible] orders lest Henry recognize some of them beforehand. [illegible] and Sedan were both supposed to be in exile. Auvergne [illegible] and prompted Henriette. She was to receive the king upon his entry. If he [illegible] to see the child she would [illegible] to the room. Then to the grand salon and the throne. After that her part [illegible] as she had [illegible] the previous night.

"Understood?" [illegible] She smiled at him, [illegible] her eyes afire. "You [illegible]. I'm really the [illegible] Queen of France!"

"With the greatest nobles of France to support you," he affirmed, then turned as a lackey came to them hurriedly.

"The king is arriving in a plain coach."

"To your places, everyone!" ordered Auvergne shrilly. Henriette [illegible] quickly.

She picked up her skirts and ran, amid a burst of stifled laughter from the others. There was no laughter in her eyes, however, but sheer desperation. She was staking all on the quick wit of the man she loved and the jeweled sliver of steel in her hair. And if she were late in welcoming him she must fail utterly.

Barely in time she held out her hands to him as he came, a gallant, sturdy figure with a sunny glow transforming his greying warrior's face, his eyes alight.

"Ventre St. Gris, how beautiful you are!" he exclaimed, and holding her hands, leaned forward to [illegible] her cheek. She [illegible] urgent words at his ear.

"[illegible] see your son instantly."

Henry [illegible]. A [illegible] from her.

"My [illegible]" [illegible] masked [illegible] [illegible] where a bed [illegible].

Henry [illegible] the way.

[illegible] the [illegible] Henry [illegible] at the baby, and his features softened. He stooped to brush the tiny cheek with his lips.

But Henriette [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] for an [illegible], her breast heaving, the eyes of the [illegible]. The king [illegible] saw the [illegible] her face and [illegible].

[illegible] sage by which [illegible] than [illegible] he had [illegible] the [illegible] features of Henry of Navarre [illegible].

UP[illegible] features the story [illegible] the [illegible] at Paster[illegible].

But what happened next?

Nothing. [illegible]

Henriette [illegible] to hate Henri [illegible] like the devil because he had menaced her baby. Why, then, [illegible] she [illegible]

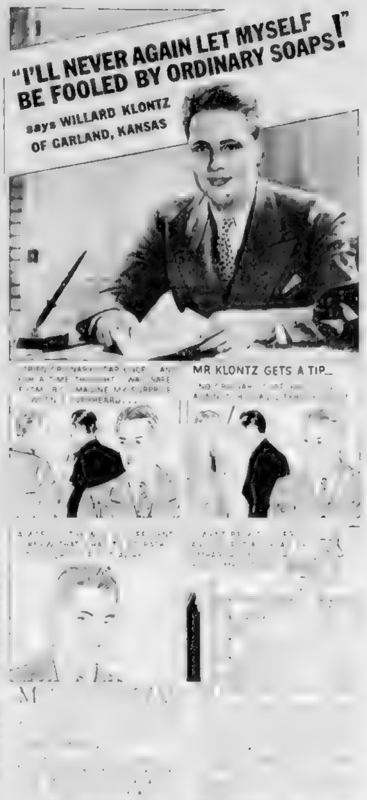
[illegible]

Never [illegible] the King of the [illegible].

[illegible]

I [illegible]

Next week's "Empires of the Moon" will tell about a Polish girl who almost became the Czarina of Russia.


"I'LL NEVER AGAIN LET MYSELF BE FOOLED BY ORDINARY SOAPS!"
says WILLARD KLONTZ OF GARLAND, KANSAS
MR KLONTZ GETS A TIP...

No ordinary soap stops "B. O." as Lifebuoy does

TUNE IN AL JOLSON [illegible]

ETIQUETTE

TRADE MARK

It's bad etiquette to cough in public places. Take a Smith Brothers Cough Drop for pleasant relief. (Black or Menthol—5¢.)

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

What, GO TO A DOCTOR FOR TEMPER!
ONE MORE TANTRUM LIKE THAT, BABS, AND I WARN YOU, I'M WALKING OUT!
NO THANKS DARLING I'VE GOT TO THINK THIS THROUGH
OH, FORGET TOM, AND COME ON TO THE MOVIES
I'LL BET A TRIP TO THE DOCTOR WOULD FIX YOUR TEMPER
WHY JANE NORTH WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I USED TO USE THIS SAME SCRATCHY HORRIBLE BATHROOM PAPER. LOOK AT IT!
WHY IT'S GOT SPLINTERS IN IT. DIRT SPECKS TOO
YOUR "TEMPER" HAS BEEN THE INVOLUNTARY RESULT OF YOUR DISCOMFORT. HARSH BATHROOM TISSUE SOMETIMES CAUSES, ALWAYS AGGRAVATES THESE CONDITIONS...
A FEW DAYS LATER
I TOLD YOU THE DOCTOR WOULD TELL YOU TO CHANGE TO WALDORF!
ISN'T IT SOFT? IT'S LASTING LONGER, TOO! AND TOM THINKS HE SCARED AWAY MY TEMPER!
MAKE THE "LIGHT TEST" YOURSELF AND SEE "Soft-Weve" WALDORF'S GREATER COMFORT AND SECURITY!
Waldorf A Scott Tissue
5¢ A ROLL
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TISSUE

WHY CHILDREN RUN AWAY FROM HOME

WHEN two tired children, Lillian Coyle, 12, and Mary Grennell, 11, were recently found by a policeman while wandering around Brooklyn with $3,667 in their possession, a kindly judge of the Children's Court, to which they were brought, placed them in the charge of Supt. Charles H. Warner of the Brooklyn Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Superintendent Warner, a noted child psychologist, who has been dealing with runaway children for the past 34 years, had Lillian and Mary bathed and fed. He quieted their fears and soon they were playing happily with other runaway youngsters who were guests of the society, while waiting to be sent back to their homes.

Lillian and Mary were the 5,000th case of runaway children to be placed in Superintendent Warner's care. Why did they and hundreds of other normal, healthy youngsters run away from home last year? For many years Superintendent Warner has been carefully studying the answer to this question. And now, for the first time, he reveals the findings of his 34 years of investigation.

"It is very seldom that a child deliberately runs away from home. There is generally some underlying cause behind it, and that cause in many cases may be traced to the child's family, its school or the community in which it lives," he states.

"The first and most important reason why a youngster runs away is because of conditions in the home. It is a sad but true indictment of parents that they very seldom blame themselves for causing a child to run away. They may call the child 'wayward,' 'adventurous' or 'ungrateful' without realizing that they themselves are causing emotional upsets in the child's life by exhibiting temper, lack of affection, quarreling among themselves or not showing sufficient interest in their child's welfare."

Superintendent Warner has handled hundred of cases of this type in which children have run away from homes in every State in the country. The case of 12-year-old Frankie, of Pittsburgh, is typical.

Frankie's mother had died when he was quite young, and when he was 11 his father had married again. He loved his father and he tried very hard to love his new mother. She was a nice woman and didn't treat him unkindly, but somehow or other she took up all of his father's time when his father wasn't working. At other times she went out to play cards or go to the movies with other ladies. Frankie became very lonely. His schoolmates had parents, and when he talked to them about their fathers and mothers he knew that they were different from his own. They spent lots of time with their children, took them out and even helped them with their homework. And so Frankie thought that he would run away.

"Neither Frankie, nor hundreds of other children in his position, stop to consider this action," states Superintendent Warner; "they simply want to run away from something. Such things as money, food or shelter do not enter their thoughts. They just run."

The great increase of automobiles on the highway has made it much easier for children to run away, he points out. Few youngsters these days resort to the highly dangerous practice of stealing rides on freight cars. Some of them steal rides on automobile trucks. A few—and there are few indeed—actually walk. The great majority of them, however, hitch-hike in automobiles.

"The first thing they do is to invent a story, and it is surprising how truthful many of these stories sound. The average motorist, stopping to pick up a child, will be completely taken in by the story which is told him. Generally the runaway starts off by saying that his father and mother are dead and he is all alone in the world except for a relative at some distant point. If he can only reach the city in which the relative lives he knows that his troubles will be over and he will be well taken care of. And so the sympathetic motorist unwittingly helps the runaway, sometimes going many miles out of his way to do so."

The second most important reason why children run away, and this applies principally to boys, is the desire to see the world. Many years ago, Superintendent Warner points out, the Eastern youngsters used to run away, headed westward to be cowboys and fight Indians. Now the runaway traffic is in the opposite direction. Youngsters west of the Hudson River come east to see the marvels of New York.

Formerly they came to see the Brooklyn Bridge and Coney Island. Coney Island still is a great attraction and many runaway boys are picked up there, but the Empire State Building and Rockefeller City have replaced the Brooklyn Bridge in interest.

Typical of these runaways is 13-year-old Harold of Dallas, Texas. One evening last Summer the manager of the pony-ride concession noticed a good-looking youngster in boy scout uniform petting one of his ponies affectionately. He walked over and began talking to the boy, commenting on his love for horses.

"I was brought up with them," the boy told him.

The manager began to question him and discovered that he had recently come up on an auto truck from Dallas to see Coney Island and the Empire State Building. He didn't have a cent in his pockets and for three days he had been hanging around the front of the Empire State Building trying to find some way to get up without paying the admission charge.

He was taken to the Society headquarters and given food and shelter. After talking to him Superintendent Warner decided that any boy who had tried so hard to see the view from the top of the Empire State Building was entitled to it. He took Harold there himself. They looked through the high-powered telescope and then Harold focused the telescope on a point on Eleventh Avenue, in New York.

"Do you see where those men are digging a ditch?" he said. "Well, that is where I slept for three nights!"

The secondary reason why girls in their 'teens run away from home is not for adventure and sightseeing as in the case of boys. They run away because they seek some of the things which are denied to them at home. Even girls in their early 'teens run away because they want silk stockings and some of the other luxuries which their friends have but which are denied to them by parents who are either strict or cannot afford to buy these luxuries.

It is in this group that the real tragedies are to be found. A boy, Superintendent Warner points out, may be returned home none the worse for his adventures. A girl may have her entire life ruined.

"They usually end up riding on the subways or walking along the streets," he states. "If they are picked up in time and brought here we can straighten them out and send them home. If not, men may pick them up and take them to furnished rooms. They stay there or become inmates of disorderly houses, too ashamed to ever want to go home again."

The third important reason why children run away from home applies both to girls and boys equally. This is because a youngster may have either a mental or a physical deficiency.

By mental deficiency Superintendent Warner does not mean that they are abnormal. He means that as far as their progress in school is concerned, they are not quite as bright as the rest of the pupils in their classes.

"This is the fault of the school system, rather than the fault of the child," he states.

"A child may be backward in its ability to read, write and figure. It may not know geography or history. Yet that same child which is classed as 'backward' may have talent as a musician, an artist or a mechanic, and if given the opportunity, be a success in a trade or profession in which the hands are employed."

The case of 13-year-old Ivan, of Los Angeles, is typical. Because he could not get past the fifth grade in public school his parents were angry at him. Ivan himself felt very badly about the fact that he was in a classroom with boys and girls who were much younger than he was.

He couldn't do his homework, but he made very good airplane models. Their construction was so excellent that people wanted to buy them and he sold all he made. His parents scolded him because he wanted to make more. He explained that he wanted to become an aviation mechanic, but they wouldn't listen to him. And so he ran away.

Ivan was one of the few boys who stole rides on freight cars. He wanted to come to New York to study airplane mechanics. On his way east he was locked up in a freight car for two days. After that he rode between cars. When he got sleepy he was in great danger of falling and being crushed beneath the wheels. Still, he stuck to it.

When he was finally picked up by a policeman while riding in a

(Continued on Page 23)

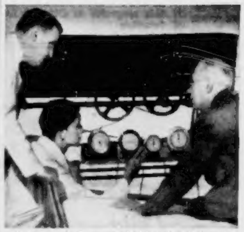
Eating Between Meals

A DISTINGUISHED school superintendent recently said, "A good breakfast is a fine start for a successful day." Mothers and teachers know that three good wholesome meals are necessary for a successful school day, writes Mary Lee Swann. Most children feel that "a bite" of something they like when they rush in after school is as important as anything they get at meal time. Many mothers feel that they do not want children to eat "between meals."

However, it is much better to eat something wholesome made at home or planned at home than to fill up on the cheapest candies or cakes they can buy. Taken with a glass of milk or fruit juice, a piece of hot buttered toast or a carefully prepared sweet will not spoil the appetite for supper.

THE ONLY THING THAT IMPROVED SLEEP IN A 3-YR. INVESTIGATION!

In tests in a leading American University—Ovaltine was the only thing of all that were tested, which improved QUALITY of SLEEP...



A rotating chart connected with each bed showed the exact amount of each sleeper's "tossing and turning." Too much time spent in restless tossing and turning at night means poor sleep . . .

In the morning each sleeper was required to report, among other things, whether he felt well-rested or not. *Sleepers' reports upon this subject were carefully tabulated and statistically analysed.*

Analysis of results showed Ovaltine was the only thing tested which improved the quality of sleep . . . !

(RIGHT) More restful sleep was the boon which Ovaltine gave! It cut down restless movements at night—increased the number of mornings sleepers awoke well-rested . . .

36 Men and Women Slept 6,800 Test-Nights!... Tests conducted by Men noted for Research in Sleep . . .

HAVE you ever heard it said that, "*Almost any hot drink will aid sleep*"?

This is apparently not true . . . as an investigation recently conducted in a leading American University seems to prove. This investigation took over 3 years to complete. It was conducted by men well-known for research on sleep. Thirty-six men and women, of various ages, took part in it, sleeping for a total of 6,800 test-nights.

In this investigation the investigators first determined the normal sleeping habits of the persons to be used in the test. Then (*as one phase of the investigation*) they gave each sleeper various things to "take" at night, for example:—On some nights the sleepers were given a sandwich at bedtime—on other nights a cup of hot milk—on other nights one or another of two well-known sleep drugs.

And on still other nights each sleeper was given a cup of Ovaltine.

Results of the Test

Here is a summary of the results of the test:—

1. Taking food at bedtime did not improve sleep.
2. Hot milk did not improve sleep.
3. Of the two sleep drugs, one brought quicker sleep and the other prolonged sleep. (*These results were to be expected from medical experience: thus confirming the accuracy of the test.*) But *neither* drug made sleep more restful or increased the feeling of *being* rested on waking up.
4. Ovaltine cut down the restless movements of the sleepers at night. It also increased the number of mornings on which sleepers awoke well-rested. It thus improved the quality of sleep. *It gave improvement in sleep, whether taken hot or cold, in milk or in water*:—thus establishing that it was Ovaltine which gave the improvement—and it alone.

Ovaltine is not a drug. It is a food, as pure and wholesome as any in Nature. Millions have used it as the drugless way to sound, natural sleep.

A study of this investigation indicates that to secure the fullest benefit from Ovaltine, it should be taken *regularly*—not just "once in a while." Since it is not a drug it is not habit-forming . . . *But it is a mighty good habit to form!*

So get a can of Ovaltine and take it every night for a while. *See* if you don't sleep better. See if you don't wake up feeling more rested and ready for the day.

We believe you'll find it's a mighty fine thing to take regularly! . . . You can get it at all grocery and drug stores. Very easy to prepare.

Ovaltine was originated over 40 years ago. Used as a restorative food by convalescents, expectant and nursing mothers, the aged; and as a "building" food for children. Helps nourish you *while* you sleep . . . Rich in vitamins, minerals and other food-elements. Doctors approve it. Hospitals use it. *It is used in 57 countries!* Copr. 1938, The Wander Company

Sleepers were required to report upon all their habits in relation to sleep—when they went to bed, etc. At night they were given various things to take, such as hot milk—a sandwich—two different sleep drugs . . . and Ovaltine.

The chart above, shows the restless "tossings and turnings" at night typical of a poor sleeper. Note the frequent movements that this sleeper made . . .

Chart "B" (above) shows the relatively fewer movements made by another sleeper. The fewer movements of this sleeper are a sign of *better* sleep . . .

TRIAL-SIZE CAN!

Mail this coupon to OVALTINE, Dept. S8-AW-1, 360 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Send me a trial-size can of Ovaltine. I am enclosing 10c, to cover handling and mailing.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

Town ____________________

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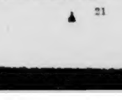
Ovaltine is now made in U. S. A.

OVALTINE *The World's "Nightcap"*



February—the Big Little Holiday Month

By Mrs. Christine Frederick, The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WHICH day would you rather celebrate? What mood suits you best this month? Patriotic or romantic? Do you wish to entertain your own friends, or arrange a party for the children?

This is not an attempt to ask personal questions of you, but rather a suggestion that you may take your choice in the selection of a holiday to celebrate in the short but jolly month of February. For whether you honor George Washington, Abraham Lincoln or St. Valentine, there's fun to be had, and appropriate ways of having it in each instance.

If you're feeling patriotic, do you wish to commemorate the dignified simplicity of the Colonial Fathers? Or do you prefer the rough-and-ready spirit of Pioneer days? In either case, red-white-and-blue is the accepted color scheme, unless you would rather use blue-and-buff for the Colonial decorations.

If you choose blue-and-buff, use a buff or ecru linen or paper table-cover and light blue napkins, with the blue also carried out in place favors and floral or other centerpiece. Light blue glassware and matching or white china will charmingly complete this Colonial color plan, with the aid of the following menu:

Washington Buffet

Hot Bouillon Cup
Chicken and Celery Aspic
Hot Finger Rolls
Maraschino Cherry Cake
Cherry Sundae, Vanilla Cream
Hot Coffee or Coffee Punch
Red and White Mints

Another dessert which will carry out the "cherry tree" motif is:

Frosted Cherry Sherbet: ½ pound marshmallows, 2 tablespoons water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup canned red cherries, drained, ¼ cup cherry juice, 1 cup stiffly-whipped heavy cream. Place marshmallows and water in saucepan over low heat until mallows are half melted. Remove from heat and fold until smooth. Cool. Add fruits and fruit juices. Fold in whipped cream. Pour into refrigerator freezing tray and freeze at coldest point, stirring once during freezing process. Serves 6.

For a Pioneer Party, follow the "log and rail fence" idea, and serve pioneer food. The table cover may be of red-white-and-blue crepe paper, with small Negro dolls as favors. Or, you may use little balls of cotton, in the middle of which have been placed tiny toy souvenirs, and tie place-cards to each with narrow red-white-and-blue ribbon.

The following menu contains suitable foods by which to remember Honest Abe:

Pioneer Party

Corn-Stick Sandwiches
Rail Fence Salad Potato "Chips"
Log Cake
Corn Syrup Cocoa
Hickory Nuts Popcorn

And, of course, cornbread, gingerbread, ginger cookies and molasses candy will all add appropriate variety to the above menu. To make the corn-stick sandwiches, just cut in half the narrow corn-sticks and spread with mixture of minced deviled ham and mayonnaise, replacing tops. Here are the recipes for the other items:

Rail Fence Salad: Arrange on individual plates, cheese straws criss-crossed in the form of a triangular or square rail fence and fill center with a mixture of equal quantities of diced apple, celery and pineapple moistened with mayonnaise. By mounding the fruit mixture first, the rail fence may easily be constructed around it.

Lincoln's Log Cake: ½ cup hot water, ¼ pound marshmallows, 2 squares grated baking chocolate, 2 well-beaten eggs, 1 cup sugar, ¾ cup whipped cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1½ cups pastry flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder. Place hot water, marshmallows and chocolate in saucepan over low heat, and melt. Cool. Add sugar to eggs and beat thoroughly. Add cream and vanilla. Mix flour, salt and baking powder and add to sugar mixture. Fold in cooled marshmallow paste. Place in greased shallow loaf pan and bake 30 minutes in a hot oven, or at about 375 degrees. Frost with butter icing, blended with cocoa, and sprinkle with green pistachio nuts, after scoring log with fork to resemble bark.

Corn Syrup Cocoa: Cook together, until smooth and thick, 2 teaspoons cocoa, grains salt, grains cinnamon, 1 tablespoon corn syrup, ¼ cup water to each cup desired. Then add ⅔ cup rich milk to each cup, heat thoroughly, and serve. This beverage is especially suitable for a children's party.

But if you are feeling romantic, St. Valentine's is your day, when hearts are trumps! Here you may choose the combination of red, gold and white, or the soft pastels of pink, green, blue and silver. If you decide on the former, a centerpiece of red roses is most romantic, or a large heart cake iced in white and decorated with red candy hearts or small china or sugar doves. A white tablecloth with red accessories, and dessert served on red or gold lace paper doilies carries out the scheme.

If you decide on the pastel colors, serve small cakes iced in pink, pistachio ice cream, pink and green fondant candies decorated with silver candy beads, lime gelatin salad or lime fruit punch, and white bread sandwiches cut in heart shapes and filled with a salmon and mayonnaise mixture. The blue and silver will appear in the table decorations and service, rather than in the food. Table seating may be accomplished by means of little envelopes containing a "fortune" or verse.

Here is a supper menu with recipes to match:

Valentine Supper

Tomato Bouillon Heart Croutons
Shrimp Biscuit Patties or
Crab Meat on Toast
Heart Salmon Salad Mold
Valentine Punch
Large Heart Cake
or
Heart Cookies
Coffee

Tomato Bouillon with Heart Croutons: 2 pounds beef marrow bones, 4 stalks chopped celery, 4 whole peppercorns, 2 whole cloves, 2 sliced onions, ½ clove garlic, 1 large No. 3 can tomatoes, 1 sprig parsley, ½ teaspoon salt, water to cover. Combine in soup pot and simmer, covered, 2 hours or longer. Strain through fine sieve. Serve in bouillon cups, with small heart-shaped bread croutons toasted or sauted in butter. One tablespoon sherry may be added, if desired. Serves eight.

Shrimp Biscuit Patties: Make usual biscuit recipe, and cut out rolled dough with large heart-shaped cutter. Brush with melted butter and bake in a very hot oven or at 475 degrees, until brown. (Biscuits may be cut ahead of time and held in refrigerator until 15 minutes before baking). Place 1 heart biscuit on individual plate, butter thickly, and pour over shrimp sauce. Top with split biscuit and serve immediately. Serves 6.

Shrimp Sauce: 1 minced green pepper, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup tomato soup, ½ cup milk, ⅛ teaspoon soda, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, ½ cup canned mushrooms, 2 cups cooked shrimp, 1 cup hot boiled rice. Blend butter, flour and tomato soup together with milk and stir until smooth. Add seasonings, and heat. Add shrimp and hot rice. Serve immediately on biscuits.

Crab Meat on Toast: 6 thin slices white bread, 6 green (canned) asparagus tips, 1½ cups medium white or cream sauce, 1 small can crab meat. Cut bread with heart-shaped cutter and toast lightly. Place toast hearts on individual plates. Have sauce heated with crab flakes. Mound mixture on center of toast hearts, dust with paprika, and lay asparagus stalk diagonally across (for arrow). Serve very hot. Serves 6.

Heart Salmon Mold: 1 pound can salmon, 1 cup finely-diced celery, 1 cup diced cucumber, ½ cup ripe chopped olives, 1 teaspoon onion juice, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper, ¾ cup mayonnaise, lettuce, pimiento. Drain and scald salmon, removing bones and skin. Flake fish and combine lightly with remaining ingredients. Shape in large heart mold, and chill. Unmold on lettuce and lay red pimiento arrow across top. Pipe mayonnaise around edge. May be molded in 6 individual heart molds instead.

Valentine Punch: 3 cups orange juice, juice 2 lemons, 2 cups water, 1 cup sugar, 4 cups claret, ¼ teaspoon salt. Mix all ingredients and chill. Serve over cracked ice. Makes about 3 quarts.

If your Valentine party is to be for the children, a bright red paper tablecloth will please them, and plain white china looks prettiest on this. Cupid dolls are favorite favors for little girls, while the boys will prefer small bags of heart-shaped candies or smart red paper hats. And here's a hearty menu they'll love:

Tots' Heart Party

Heart-Shaped Sandwiches
Cream Cheese and
Red Jelly Filling
Milk Drink with
Strawberry Syrup
Cocoanut Fluff or Ice Cream
Valentine Cookies
Motto Candies

Cocoanut Fluff: 1 quart milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cornstarch, 3 well-beaten eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ¾ cup shredded cocoanut, 6 large pink candy hearts. Use double boiler. Scald milk, mix salt, sugar and cornstarch together and add. Cook until it thickens, stirring constantly. Pour slowly over eggs, blending well. Cook 2 minutes longer. Add vanilla and ½ cup cocoanut. Cool. Serve in fancy dishes or paper cups, sprinkled with remaining cocoanut, and place candy heart in center of each. Serves 6.

Valentine Cookies: 2 egg whites, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups cornflakes, 1 cup moist canned cocoanut, ¼ teaspoon almond flavoring, ¼ pound heart-shaped cinnamon drops. Beat whites with salt until stiff and dry. Whisk in thoroughly 2 tablespoons sugar, and then another 2 tablespoons. Fold in remaining sugar and add cornflakes slowly. Add cocoanut and flavoring. Drop from teaspoon onto greased baking sheet. In center of each, place 1 heart candy. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Serve with red ice cream or raspberry sherbet. Makes about 40 cookies.

Your Share of All the Gold in the World

(Continued from Page 8)

grade ores which they can always mine at a profit.

It is now probable that all the gold mined since the discovery of America is at least 1,200,000,000 ounces. But there is a shortage. Somewhere in that 445 years nearly one-fifth of the treasure has disappeared and it is worth about eight billion dollars to anyone who can find it today.

All the gold held by Governments or minted into their coins, amounts to not much more than half the amount known to have come into someone's possession. About 550,000,000 ounces remain to be accounted for.

A part of this still is in human possession and used in the form of gold rings, watch cases and other kinds of jewelry. No one knows just how much gold this is, but experts have estimated it as about 150,000,000 ounces, worth something more than five billion dollars.

Recently the United States and many European countries have made hoarding of gold a criminal offense with heavy penalties, and probably it has been stopped largely, except in the Orient where it is still in full force. Gold still hoarded in those countries has been estimated at something like 175,000,000 ounces.

That is all the gold that still is available, except for the small amounts in use for the few industrial processes such as the gold-toning process in photography, in the possession of dentists, stored in the form of rare gold coins by coin collectors and so on. It is not nearly enough to balance what should exist. The 650,000,000 ounces of monetary gold, the 150,000,000 ounces of jewelry gold and the 175,000,000 ounces or thereabouts of hoarded gold, total only 975,000,000 ounces.

Since the amount mined since 1492 is about 1,200,000,000 ounces, it is evident that approximately 225,000,000 ounces of gold have disappeared, an average of about seventeen million dollars' worth every year.

Two items to reduce the unexplained deficit are gold buried in people's teeth and in rings which relatives prefer not to remove from dead fingers. Statisticians estimate that since Columbus perhaps fifty million ounces of gold have been deliberately buried in this way.

The remaining 175,000,000 missing ounces have been partly used up in chemical processes, gold paint and the like, but the most has just simply been lost.

Yet, considering that so much of it is in small, easily lost pieces, man has done pretty well to have only about 18% of his precious gold lost and unaccounted for.

To help Prevent
COLDS
and Bad Breath..

Use
PEPSODENT
ANTISEPTIC
...the 10-Second Germ-Killer!

In Germ-Killing Power . . . One bottle Pepsodent Antiseptic *equals* three bottles of ordinary kinds

Even when diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds... Lasts 3 times as long!

MAKES YOUR MONEY GO 3 TIMES AS FAR!

Why
Blonde Hair Requires
A Special Shampoo

Unless blonde hair is given special care it is sure to darken and lose beauty with age. But here, at last, is a shampoo and a special rinse that brings out the lustrous beauty, the alluring sheen and highlights that can make blonde hair so attractive. Try New BLONDEX, this amazing Blonde Hair Shampoo and Special Rinse today. Costs but a few cents to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly it keeps hair lighter, lovelier, gleaming with fascinating lustre. BLONDEX in new combination package (shampoo with separate rinse) sold at all stores. Large size costs less per shampoo.

READ THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly—there's no other magazine like it.

NO MATTER HOW MUCH I CUT AND PARE, THESE CORNS COME BACK

CORNS COME BACK BIGGER—UGLIER
unless removed Root and All*

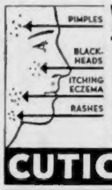
NO MATTER how much you pare a corn, you only affect the surface—leave the root to come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever. What's more, paring is dangerous—means risk of serious infection—even blood poisoning.

Why take chances, when it's easy to remove corns safely, quickly. Follow the example of millions who depend on the modern double-action Blue-Jay way. Blue-Jay's gentle medication acts painlessly—removes corns *root and all*.

The tiny Blue-Jay plaster stops pain instantly by removing pressure, then in 3 short days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Blue-Jay is invisible—easy to use. Safe, scientific, painless. Held snugly in place with Wet-Pruf adhesive. 6 for 25¢ at all drug and department stores. Same price in Canada. Get Blue-Jay today.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS
REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.



WONDERFUL FOR THESE SKIN BLEMISHES

Wonderful, thousands say, how the soothing penetration of Cuticura Soap and Ointment helps banish ugly skin irritations due to external causes. Wonderful, how this mildly medicated Soap cleanses and soothes—how the Ointment relieves and helps heal! Wonderful, you'll agree, as even the first application aids and comforts. Sold everywhere. Ointment 25¢. Soap 25¢. Write for FREE sample to "Cuticura," Dept. 50, Malden, Mass.

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

Always
Ask Your Family Doctor
Before You Give Children Unknown Preparations

"You can always reach me when in doubt about your child's medicine."
"I wouldn't think of giving Junior anything until you approved it, Doctor."

It's a mistake to experiment on yourself. But it's worse to "try out" an unknown medicine on children. Always consult your family doctor.

There is no such thing as a "bargain" in unknown remedies—no matter how little you pay. That is true especially of "Milk of Magnesia"—so often given to children. The brand known to doctors and public alike for 50 years is "PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia." That is the brand to ask for at the store—PHILLIPS'—because it is safe for children.

Children often like Phillips' in the newer form—the tiny, peppermint flavored tablets they chew like candy. Each one equals a teaspoonful of the liquid. A tin of 30 costs only 25¢.

What to remember is this: Make sure to say PHILLIPS' and get the original—at every drug store.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Plump, spicy, fruit-filled cookies

WON'T YOUR YOUNGSTERS LOVE THEM!

And see how easy to make

SO WHOLESOME AND DIGESTIBLE, TOO, MADE WITH CREAMIER Spry
I USE Spry FOR ALL MY BAKING AND FRYING ... IT GIVES LIGHTER CAKES, FLAKIER PASTRY, CRISPER FRIED FOODS
Spry

SCHOOLDAY COOKIES

⅔ cup Spry
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon soda
1⅓ cups brown sugar, firmly packed
2 eggs, well beaten
3⅓ cups sifted flour
¼ cup milk
½ cup figs, chopped
⅔ cup raisins, cut

Combine Spry, salt, spices and soda and blend. Add sugar gradually and cream well. (Done in a twinkling with *triple-creamed* Spry!) Add beaten eggs and mix well. Add ⅓ of flour, then milk, then remaining flour and chopped fruit, mixing well after each addition. Drop from tip of teaspoon on baking sheets greased with Spry. (So much easier than having to roll and cut out.) Sprinkle with sugar. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 10 to 15 minutes. Makes 4 dozen—but they won't last long! Remember, *only* Spry can give perfect results in this recipe.

(All measurements in this recipe are level)

Do ALL your baking this NEW EASY WAY

USE Spry for cakes, pastry, muffins, biscuits, *everything*. You'll say it's the creamiest shortening you ever used. Cakes are mixed in half the time and they're doubly delicious, so light, fine, velvety. You'll love Spry pastry, too, and Spry-fried foods, so crispy and digestible a child can eat them. Spry stays fresh indefinitely without refrigeration. So buy the 3-lb. can. You save money!

In 3-lb. and 1-lb. cans
Spry The new, purer ALL-vegetable shortening—TRIPLE-CREAMED

Charming Women Always Look Their Best

CARE, study and thought must be given to appearance today to compete successfully with others. A fresh, wholesome-looking woman is always welcome. To have fresh-looking skin take a refreshing Tarkroot Beauty Mask facial daily. Lie down, rest and relax for an hour. You will feel better and look better too. Any beauty counter has Tarkroot Beauty Mask. Costs about 7 cents a treatment.

A skin that is given regular treatments with Mercolized Wax is smooth, soft, well-lubricated and free from superficial discolorations and blemishes.

This lovely cream, Mercolized Wax, contains active ingredients that cause the outer skin to desquamate or slough off in flaky particles. This peeling process is not visible to the naked eye. The gradual improvement in your skin reveals to you that Mercolized Wax is bringing out the hidden beauty of the under skin.

Mercolized Wax has been popular with beautiful women in all parts of the world for over a quarter of a century.

Place your confidence in this time-tested cream—Choose Mercolized Wax. Use Mercolized Wax. Then enthuse over the youthful appearance of your skin.

Use Saxolite Astringent

A DELIGHTFULLY refreshing astringent. Tingling; antiseptic; helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

Phelactine Depilatory

TAKES off unwanted hair from face. Quick, easy to use. Try it.

At all drug and department stores

People with "go" are always the most popular. Yet the secret of abounding energy is often merely a matter of keeping regular. For tiredness, headaches, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, mental depression can all be caused by constipation.

Truly, proper elimination is all-important to your well-being. So if more than one day goes by without it, assist Nature. Use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This laxative is extremely mild. And Olive Tablets are marvelously effective *because they stimulate the liver's secretion of bile without the discomfort of drastic or irritating drugs.*

Let Olive Tablets help safeguard your welfare and pep. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢ at all druggists.

TIRED, dull, heavy-lidded eyes find EYE-GENE refreshes like an extra hour of sleep! Thousands switching to this utterly new lotion. EYE-GENE whitens, clears eyes in seconds, too, when late hours or exposure make them red or veined. Money back if it fails! Get EYE-GENE at drug and 5 and 10c stores.

EYE-GENE

Banish Gray Hair

Why look older than your years?

IT IS NOW so easy to get rid of gray hair that no man or woman need look older than their years. Right in your own home you can prepare and use a better remedy. Simply get, from any drug store, a box of Barbo Compound, an ounce of Bay Rum, one-fourth ounce of Glycerine. Mix these in a half-pint of water or your druggist will mix it for you. Comb this colorless liquid into your hair several times a week.

You will be amazed how natural-looking and youthful gray, faded, streaked hair becomes. Nor will this color wash out, color the scalp, or affect permanents or waves. To take off 10 years in 10 days, try Barbo today.

INTENSELY interesting articles on popular science appear regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. You will find an unending stream of thrilling narratives in this great magazine!

Low-Cost Meat Dishes

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Liver Loaf.

POUR boiling water over 1 pound calf, pork, beef or lamb liver. Let stand 5 minutes. Drain. Press through meat-grinder. Add 1 cup fine bread-crumbs, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons onion juice, 1 tablespoon celery, salt and pepper to taste, about 1 cup of rich milk and mix lightly. Line a loaf pan with thinly-sliced bacon. Pack in the liver mixture. Bake in a slow oven, or at about 300 degrees, about 1 hour.

Creamed Sweetbreads.

CAREFULLY wash 2 pairs sweetbreads. Put into a kettle of boiling water, to which salt and vinegar have been added, using about 1 teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon vinegar to each quart of water. Simmer gently for 20 minutes. Drain. Rinse with cold water and chill. Remove membrane and tubes. Cut into small cubes. Melt 4 tablespoons butter, add 4 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, and pepper to taste. Stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Add slowly 1 cup cream and 2 beaten egg yolks and stir constantly over hot water until egg is set. Season to taste with additional salt and pepper. Add sweetbreads and serve immediately on toast, in patty shells, in toasted roll or biscuit cases, or on hot waffles, French pancakes or steamed rice.

Fried Pickled Tripe.

CUT pickled tripe in pieces for serving, wash carefully and cover with boiling water. Simmer gently 20 minutes. Drain and cover with equal parts of milk and water. Bring to boiling point, drain and dry on a clean cloth. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, brush with melted butter, dip in fritter batter and fry in hot deep fat until delicately browned. To make the fritter batter: Mix and sift ½ cup flour, ¼ teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper. Add, gradually, ⅓ cup milk beaten with 1 egg yolk. Add ½ tablespoon melted butter or shortening and 1 stiffly-beaten egg white.

Lambs' Tongues With Cream Sauce.

WASH 3 lambs' tongues carefully, cover with boiling water, add 1 tablespoon salt, ½ teaspoon minced onion, a few grains pepper, 2 cloves and a bit of bay leaf. Cook gently until tender. Cool, cut in small cubes and add to 1 cup of rich cream sauce with 1 bouillon cube, ¼ tablespoon lemon juice and 1 tablespoon butter.

Braised Liver.

SKEWER or tie in shape and lard upper side of calf's liver or 2 pounds beef or pig liver. Place in deep baking dish with a few small cubes of fat salt pork. Add ¼ cup diced carrot, ⅓ cup diced onion, ¼ cup diced celery, a few peppercorns, 2 or 3 cloves, a bit of bay leaf, 2 cups water or brown stock; cover closely and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 325 degrees, for 2 hours, uncovering the last 20 minutes. Remove from pan, strain liquid and measure. Melt 3 tablespoons shortening or beef drippings, add 3 tablespoons flour and stir constantly until flour is brown. Add 1⅓ cups of the liver stock and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

Beef Kidney and Beef Casserole.

WASH, skin and cut 1 beef kidney in ¼-inch cubes. Dice 1 pound round steak. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Dice 2 slices bacon, add 1 sliced onion and the meat and stir constantly until delicately browned. Add 1 cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce and 1 sliced green pepper and cook gently until tender. Add 1 cup potato balls or dice parboiled 5 minutes and cook 10 minutes. Add ⅓ cup stoned black olives. Melt 2 tablespoons shortening, add 2 tablespoons flour and stir constantly until brown. Add liquid from the meat and stir until boiling. Return to the meat mixture. Reheat and serve very hot.

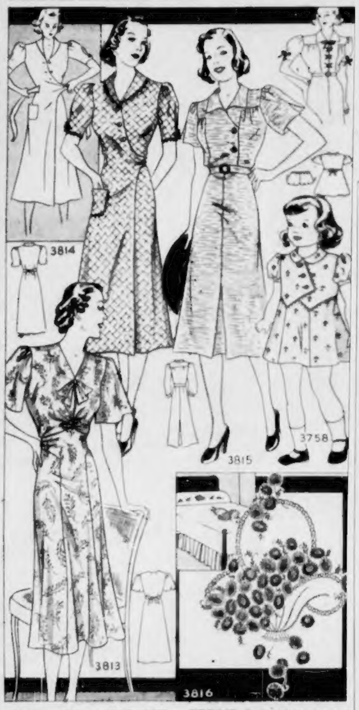
Veal or Lamb Tongue in Casserole.

COVER a veal tongue or several lambs' tongues with cold water, bring to boiling point and simmer for 10 minutes. Drain, remove skin and gristle and lay the skinned tongue in a casserole. Cook about 1½ quarts of sliced vegetables (onion, carrots, celery, potatoes, green pepper) in 3 or 4 tablespoons butter for a few minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Add the vegetables to the tongue in the casserole with a little hot water. Cover the casserole and bake in a moderately hot oven, or at about 375 degrees, for 1 hour or until the meat is tender. Thicken, if necessary, with a little flour mixed with cold water.

Braised Stuffed Heart.

CAREFULLY wash and remove gristle and veins from 1 beef heart or 2 calf hearts. Finely chop 1 onion and 1 stalk of celery and cook in 2 tablespoons butter. Add 3 cups bread crumbs and season to taste with salt and pepper. Make a slit in one side of each heart and fill with the stuffing. Sew up the opening with coarse white thread. Brown the hearts on all sides in the fat. Place in a baking dish or casserole. Add ½ cup water, cover closely and cook in a slow oven, or at about 300 degrees, until tender. A beef heart will require about 2 hours. A calf heart will cook in a much shorter time. Make brown gravy of the drippings in the pan.

American Weekly Patterns



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Appetizing Menus for the Week by *Mary Lee Swann*

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Oranges, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toasted Muffins, Milk or Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Tomato Soup with Alphabet Noodles (Garnished with Whipped Cream and Horseradish), Vegetable Salad, Graham Flour and Date Biscuits, Tea. ***Dinner*** Emergency Canapes (Left-Overs), Lamb Hearts with Mushroom Glaze, Mashed Potato with Mint, French-Fried Celery, Rhubarb and Banana Trifle.	***Breakfast*** Canned Berries, Cereal, Bacon and Scrambled Eggs, Raisin Bread, Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Creamed Salmon with Green Peas, Grapefruit and Shredded Lettuce, French Dressing, Clothespin Crullers, Hot Fruit Punch. ***Dinner*** Clear Soup, Pan-Fried Ham with Apples, Mashed Potatoes with Chives, Parsnip Souffle, Radish and Beet Salad, Salad Dressing, Pineapple Pie.	***Breakfast*** Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Bread-Crumb Griddle Cakes, Syrup, Coffee Substitute. ***Luncheon*** Asparagus and Cheese Loaf, Corn Muffins, Cherry and Nut Salad, Assorted Cookies, Tea. ***Dinner*** Egg Hors d'Oeuvres, Creamed Sweetbreads, Macedoine of Vegetables, Cucumber Salad, Tomato French Dressing, Dutch Apple Cake with Lemon Sauce.	***Breakfast*** Grapefruit, Cereal, Baked Bacon, Graham Rolls, Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Peanut Hash, Swedish Muffins, Fruit Compote, Tea. ***Dinner*** Cabbage Soup, Beef Heart in Casserole, Beet Tops, Green Tomato Pickles, Chocolate Caramel Nut Bavarian.	***Breakfast*** Prune Juice, Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Fish Cakes, Stewed Tomatoes, Scalloped Corn, Graham and Orange Muffins, Fruit Salad, Mayonnaise, Tea. ***Dinner*** Boiled Pork Spareribs with Potatoes, Ten Minute Cabbage, Steamed Apples, Tomato and String-Bean Salad, Rhubarb and Tapioca Surprise.	***Breakfast*** Canned Peaches, Cereal, Toasted Date Bread, Unsalted Butter, Milk or Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Tomato Juice, Hot Baked Bean and Sausage Sandwiches, Shredded Green Vegetable Salad, Canned Plums, Cookies, Tea. ***Dinner*** Fried Pickled Tripe, Spinach with Lemon, Endive Salad in Beet Rings, Steamed Snowballs with Fruit Sauce.	***Breakfast*** Grapes, Whole Grain Cereal, Coddled Eggs, Apple Muffins, Coffee Substitute. ***Dinner*** Cherry Cocktail, Stewed Chicken, Baking-Powder Biscuits, Sweet Potatoes with Prunes, Buttered Cauliflower, Tomato and Celery Salad, Ice-Box Cake, Half Cups Coffee. ***Supper*** Potato, Mushroom and Oyster Casserole, Ice-Box Rolls, Fruit Gelatin with Cream, Cookies.

Why Children Run Away from Home

(Continued from Page 21)

subway he was taken to the Society headquarters where, completely exhausted, he did little else but sleep for a week.

Children who run away from home because of physical disability generally do so because their hearing or eyesight is impaired and they do not get along normally at school as a result. They are not "stupid" as in the case of those who are mentally deficient, Superintendent Warner explains, but are extremely sensitive about their shortcoming.

Even when the school authorities try to overcome these handicaps they are not always successful. The case of Paul, 12, of Boston, Mass., is an example.

Even from the front seat of his classroom Paul couldn't see what the teacher wrote on the blackboard. When he read his lessons he held his books close to his face and very often he had headaches.

His teacher had his eyes examined and he was given a prescription for eyeglasses. When he took the prescription home and asked his father to buy the eyeglasses for him the latter, a burly truck driver, angrily tore the prescription up. He never had to use those things, he told Paul, and he didn't see why his son should. The school was making a sissy of him.

Paul was afraid to go back to school and tell his teacher what had happened and so he ran away to New York. He had an aunt in Brooklyn who would help him. But when he came to Brooklyn he discovered that the aunt had moved. And so he wandered tearfully around the streets until he was picked up by an officer and taken to the Society.

While Superintendent Warner has interviewed runaways whose ages have varied from seven to sixteen, he has discovered that the majority are between twelve and fourteen years old when they decide to run away. His explanation is that somewhere between those ages they being to think and to develop a false sense of reasoning which convinces them that they should run away.

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1

2

3

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1 FIG NEWTONS. Whose mouth doesn't water when you mention these time-honored favorites! Rich, golden-brown cake bulging with delicious fig filling. But Fig Newtons are only one of the cookie treats you get with this special N.B.C. combination.

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3 MICKEY MOUSE COOKIES. To make this combination doubly attractive, we're even including the brand-new Mickey Mouse Cookies. Mickey, Minnie, Pluto, Donald Duck . . . they're all here. Crunchy, made delicious and easily digestible with Arrowroot flour—why, you'll go for them as enthusiastically as the children do!

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